

THE LIVING AGE.

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Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and do not give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

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ON AN OLD MUFF.

TIME has a magic wand !
 What is this meets my hand,
 Moth-eaten, mouldy, and
 Covered with fluff,
 Faded and stiff and scant ?
 Can it be ? no, it can't—
 Yes,—I declare 'tis Aunt
 Prudence's Muff !

Years ago—twenty-three !
 Old Uncle Barnaby
 Gave it to Aunt P.—
 Laughing and teasing—
 “ Pru., of the breezy curls,
 Whisper these solemn churls,
*What holds a pretty girl's
 Hand without squeezing ? ”*

Uncle was then a lad,
 Gay ; but, I grieve to add,
 Gone to what's called “ the bad ”—
 Smoking—and worse !
 Sleek sable then was this
 Muff, lined with pinkiness—
 Bloom to which Beauty is
 Seldom averse.

I see in retrospect
 Aunt, in her best bedecked,
 Gliding, with mien erect,
 Gravely to meeting :
 Psalm-book, and kerchief new,
 Peeped from the Muff of Pru.—
 Young men—and pious, too—
 Giving her greeting.

Pure was the life she led
 Then : from her Muff, 'tis said,
 Tracts she distributed :—
 Scapegraces many,
 Seeing the grace they lacked,
 Followed her ; one attacked
 Prudence—and got his tract
 Often than any !

Love has a potent spell !
 Soon this bold ne'er-do-well,
 Aunt's sweet susceptible
 Heart undermining,
 Slipped, so the scandal runs,
 Notes in the pretty nun's
 Muff—triple-cornered ones—
 Pink as its lining !

Worse even, soon the jade
 Fled (to oblige her blade !)
 Whilst her friends thought that they'd
 Locked her up tightly :
 After such shocking games,
 Aunt is of wedded dames
 Gayest—and now her name's
 Mrs. Golightly.

In female conduct flaw
 Sadder I never saw,
 Still I've faith in the law
 Of compensation.

Once uncle went astray,—
 Smoked, joked, and swore away ;
 Sworn by, he's now, by a
 Large congregation !

Changed is the child of sin
 Now he's (he once was thin
 Grave, with a double chin,—
 Blest be his fat form !
 Changed is the garb he wore :
 Preacher was never more
 Prized than is uncle for
 Pulpit or platform.

If all's as best befits
 Mortals of slender wits,
 Then beg this Muff, and its
 Fair owner pardon :
All's for the best,—indeed,
 Such is my simple creed ;
 Still I must go and weed
 Hard in my garden.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

—Cornhill Magazine.

“GOING ALONE.”

WITH curls in the sunny air tossing,
 With light in the merry blue eyes,
 With laughter so clearly outringing,
 A laugh of delight and surprise ;
 All friendly assistance disdaining,
 And trusting no strength but its own—
 The past fears and trials forgotten,
 The baby is “going alone.”

What woful mishaps have preceded
 This day of rejoicing and pride !
 How often the help that he needed
 Has carelessly gone from his side !
 He has fallen while reaching for sunbeams,
 Which, just as he grasped them, have flown,
 And the tears of vexation have followed ;
 But now he is “going alone.”

And all through his life he will study
 This lesson again and again ;
 He will carelessly lean upon shadows,
 He will fall, and weep over the pain.
 The hand whose fond clasp was the surest,
 Will coldly withdraw from his own,
 The sunniest eyes will be clouded,
 And he will be walking alone.

He will learn what a stern world we live in,
 And he may grow cold like the rest,
 Just keep a warm sunny welcome
 For those who seem truest and best ;
 Yet, chastened and taught by past sorrow,
 And stronger and manlier grown,
 Not trusting his all in their keeping,
 He learns to walk bravely alone.

And yet not alone, for our Father
 The faltering footsteps will guide
 Through all the dark mazes of earth-life,
 And “over the river's” deep tide.
 Oh, here is a Helper unfailing,
 A strength we can perfectly trust,
 When, all human aid unavailing,
 “The dust shall return unto dust.”

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Pompeianarum Antiquitatum Historia, etc. Nunc primum collegit indicibusque instruxit.* Jos. Fiorelli. 2 Vols. Naples. 1860.
2. *Giornale degli Scavi di Pompei.* Pubblicato da Giuseppe Fiorelli. Naples.
3. *Le Case ed i Monumenti di Pompei disegnati e descritti da Fausto e Felice Niccolini.* Folio. Naples. 1864.
4. *Murray's Handbook for Southern Italy.* 4th Edition. 1862.

On the 24th of August, A. D. 79, when Titus ruled over the Roman Empire, a town was basking in the bright sun upon the shores of the lovely Bay of Naples. Its inhabitants were following their different callings,—buying and selling, feasting and mourning, fitting out their galleys for distant seas, bringing their various wares to the crowded markets, and eagerly preparing for new shows and gladiatorial fights after the long interdict against such theatrical amusements under which Nero had placed their town. Wealthy Roman patricians—wearied of the great city, and seeking a cooler and more wholesome air—were enjoying a grateful repose in the gay villas which covered a mountain slope amidst vineyards and gardens, and which were so thickly scattered that they seemed to form but one continuous city.

Sixteen years before, indeed, an earthquake of extraordinary violence had shaken to their foundations the temples, the forum, and other public buildings, had overturned their statues, had thrown down the walls of many an humble dwelling, and had even upset parts of the more solid defences of the town. The inhabitants of Pompeii had then fled in terror from the falling edifices; but, lulled into security by a calm of several years, they had now returned to their homes. They were busy repairing their shattered dwellings, replacing the fallen statues upon their pedestals, and ornamenting afresh their public monuments. The terrible mountain which hung over them was silent. Those who lived at its foot had inherited no other traditions from their forefathers concerning it than those which extolled the fertility of its soil, the exquisite richness of its vegetation,* the luscious nature of its wines, and the beauty of its flowers.

The deeper student of nature read in this very soil the history of the mountains itself. It told him of fires once active, and that in

some distant age that quiet, verdure-clothed summit was a destructive volcano, which had overwhelmed with lava and ashes the country at its foot.

Pompeii had been founded long before the Romans had extended their empire to the Tyrrhenian Sea. It might have been built by the Oscans, or by a colony from Etruria, or even by the more polished Greeks. They have each their advocates. But, like most of the cities on this coast, it had fallen into the hands of the Samnites. Although it had become a Roman town, it had retained up to the time of the great earthquake much of its early character, and a large part of the population may still have spoken the Oscan tongue. The inhabitants, proud of their Roman citizenship, and desirous to render their town more worthy of its imperial connection, had seized the opportunity when restoring its crumbling buildings to introduce the new fashions from the capital, to ornament their dwellings more after the Roman taste, and to decorate their public edifices with greater luxury and splendor. The streets, too, worn into deep ruts by the rude wheels of the country cars, had become almost impassable for the elegant chariot of the Roman patrician. The ancient pavement was about to be removed, and the fresh slabs to replace it had been cut from the hardened lava-streams which were found in the immediate neighborhood.

The inhabitants, moreover, were engaged in the struggle of an election of their municipal officers. New *ædiles* and *duumviri* were to be chosen for the town. Influential citizens and voters were canvassing for their favorite candidates, and party spirit ran high. The owners of the neighboring villas and the population of the villages had gathered to the town to take part in the contest, and the moment being one of public excitement, the forum, the temples, and the theatres were thronged with an eager multitude.

Suddenly, and without any previous warning, a vast column of black smoke burst from the overhanging mountain. Rising to a prodigious height in the cloudless summer sky, it then gradually spread itself out like the head of some mighty Italian pine, hiding the sun and overshadowing the earth for many a league. The darkness grew into profound night, only broken by the blue and sulphurous flashes which darted from the pitchy

* See Martial, IV. 44.

cloud. Soon a thick rain of thin, light ashes, almost imperceptible to the touch, fell upon the land. Then quickly succeeded showers of small, hot stones, mingled with heavier masses, and emitting stifling mephitic fumes. After a time the sound as of approaching torrents was heard, and soon steaming rivers of dense black mud poured slowly but irresistibly down the mountain-sides, and curdled through the streets—insidiously creeping into such recesses as even the subtle ashes had failed to penetrate. There was now no place of shelter left. No man could defend himself against this double enemy. It was too late for flight for such as had remained behind. Those who had taken refuge in the innermost parts of the houses or in the subterranean passages were closed up forever. Those who sought to flee through the streets were clogged by the small, loose pumice-stones which lay many feet deep, or were entangled and overwhelmed in the mud-streams, or were struck down by the rocks which fell from the heavens. If they escaped these dangers, blinded by the drifting ashes and groping in the dark, not knowing which way to go they were overcome by the sulphurous vapors, and, sinking on the highways, were soon buried beneath the volcanic matter. Even many who had gained the open country at the beginning of the eruption were overtaken by the darkness and falling cinders, and perished miserably in the fields or on the sea-shore, where they had vainly sought the means of flight.

In three days the doomed town had disappeared. It lay beneath a vast mass of ashes, pumice-stones, and hardened mud, to which subsequent eruptions, occurring at intervals during eighteen centuries, added fresh materials. Gradually above them there accumulated, from year to year, the rich vegetable mould, formed from the volcanic soil, in which were again tended the vine and the olive-tree.

The miserable inhabitants who survived the catastrophe returned, after the eruption had ceased, to the site of their buried homes. Many dug into the ruins to find the property they had abandoned in their flight. That which was most valuable was thus, in many cases, recovered. At a later period the statues were carefully sought for in the public places and were removed to adorn other sites, and the richer marbles and hewn stones were

carried away for the construction of other edifices, the ruins affording to many generations a rich mine of building materials. But no attempt was ever made either to rebuild the town itself or to construct another upon its site. As years rolled on, all traces of it passed away except, perhaps, the upper part of some vast building, such as the amphitheatre, which rose above the surrounding soil. Its ruins lay deep beneath the cultivated fields, and Pompeii slept for seventeen hundred years wrapped in its shroud of lava-mud and ashes. And so it remained, forsaken and forgotten, until the middle of the last century.

Such is the tale of the fall of this now celebrated town, as written in its ruins brought to light in our days. Every incident we have mentioned is recorded in them. The history of Pompeii and of its inhabitants, neglected by contemporary writers, and the story of its destruction, may be restored from its remains. It is not our intention to describe these remarkable and interesting ruins. The buried city—the awful catastrophe by which it was overwhelmed—its marvellous resurrection after the lapse of so many centuries—have formed the theme of many an able and poetic pen. Nor are we about to enter into any abstruse archaeological disquisitions upon the many curious questions connected with the ancient history of the people, their manners and customs, and the arts and domestic life of the Romans in general, suggested by the objects discovered. We must refer those who are disposed to inquire into such matters to the still standard works of Mazois and Gell, to the more recent labors of Overbeck and Niccolini, and to the excellent topographical description in Murray's "Handbook for Southern Italy."

Moreover, there are few persons of education who are not familiar with these things, and in these days of travel many have examined for themselves the unrivalled collection of antiquities gathered together from the buried town, which has given a wide renown to the Museum of Naples. Our object is to avail ourselves of the important additions recently made by the Cavaliere Fiorelli to Pompeian literature, and to notice some interesting details in the history of the former and more recent discoveries. This gentleman, who has lately been placed by the Italian Government at the head of the Royal Mu-

seum, and who was previously the director of the works at Pompeii, has collected together and published the notes and journals kept by those employed in the excavations from the first discovery of the ruins in the last century down to the present time. They consist, for the most part, of detailed reports made at short intervals, sometimes from day to day, of the progress of the works, and upon the various objects found amongst the ruins. Many of these documents had been stolen, but were traced into private hands by Signor Fiorelli. The larger number are carefully preserved in the archives of the Museum. They furnish a variety of new and interesting information which had been before inaccessible to those who wrote upon Pompeii. The full, and in some cases carefully-recorded, details they contain enable us to restore, in many instances, the buildings which have perished since their discovery, and to understand much which might otherwise perplex the antiquarian. Signor Fiorelli has thus rendered an important service to archæology, and has added to the literary treasures of his country.

We learn from these records that the excavations which led to the discovery of Pompeii were made during the reign of Charles III., the first Bourbon king of Naples. The earliest journals of the proceedings are written in Spanish. In the year 1748 a certain Colonel Don Rocco Alcubierre had been sent to examine a subterranean canal which had been constructed by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century for the purpose of supplying water to a powder-manufactory in the small town of Torre dell' Annunziata, on the Bay of Naples. He heard from the inhabitants of the place that the remains of a buried house had been discovered about two miles off, and that statues and other objects of antiquity had been taken from them. It occurred to him that these ruins must belong to the ancient city of Stabiae, which had been overwhelmed, like Pompeii, by the great eruption of A. D. 79, and whose site had been sought for in this neighborhood. It was well known that beneath the soil, between the foot of the mountain and the sea, there lay buried more than one town. Remains of antiquity had been frequently discovered near this spot. The watercourse we have mentioned had been dug through the

very centre of Pompeii, and had laid bare the foundations of many ancient edifices.

It may be well, before proceeding further, to remind the reader how Pompeii was buried. It is commonly but erroneously supposed that the town was overwhelmed by lava ejected from the crater of the volcano. Such lava-streams, like broad watercourses of black rock, may be traced down the sides of Vesuvius: some may be of the date of the great eruption which destroyed the town; but it is certain that none of them reached the town itself. Pompeii owed its destruction to two causes. Ashes and small pumice-stones, like white cinders, were thrown out of the crater and fell in dense showers over the surrounding country. They were probably carried to a considerable distance by the wind; but the greater part seems to have fallen on the coast between the foot of the mountain and the sea on which Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae stood. The Italians call these pumice-stones "*rapillo*," or "*lapillo*:" in the earlier records the former word is used. In addition to the "*lapillo*," torrents of mud, formed by ashes, lava, and other volcanic matter, mingled with water abundantly ejected from the crater, rolled down the mountain-side, and spreading in broad streams as they reached the lower country, completely covered everything within their reach. This thick mud, called by the Italians "*lava bavosa*," accumulated wherever it was checked, and penetrating into every nook and cranny, soon hardened and encased every object with which it was brought into contact. In its hard state it is called "*tuono*."

In uncovering the ruins, the mode in which they were buried is distinctly traceable. The small loose pumice-stones or "*lapillo*," and the hardened mud, are found in well-defined strata or layers, sometimes running one into the other, like what geologists call "*faults*." The "*lapillo*" usually forms the lowest stratum, covering the pavement of the streets and the floors of the lower rooms to the depth of many feet, thus proving that the town was first overwhelmed by the showers of pumice-stones. The cellars and places into which the "*lapillo*" could not penetrate are filled with the hardened mud which succeeded to the pumice-stones, and above which it lies in distinct layers.

It cannot be ascertained precisely how deep the town was buried by the eruption of A. D. 79. Some of the strata of volcanic substances above the ruins came from subsequent eruptions. The height of the various strata from the level of the plain upon which the town was built to the present surface appears to vary between twenty and forty feet.*

According to the account of the eruption given by Pliny the younger, it seems to have lasted for three days. Ample time was thus given for escape to those who immediately left the town. It is probable that by far the larger number at once sought safety in flight. Of those who lingered behind hoping that the eruption would soon cease, some did not fly until the streams of mud reached the town: this is shown by the number of skeletons found on the surface of the lapillo in the stratum of hardened mud which lies immediately above it.

It is said that nearly 600 skeletons have hitherto been discovered in the ruins. We cannot find any record of more than about half that number. Of these, sixty-three, supposed to be those of soldiers, were together in the barracks. Sir W. Gell, taking those found when he wrote—160 in 1832—as an average of the number which might still be buried in the part of the town not then excavated, calculated that about 1300 persons were destroyed. As the population of Pompeii was probably about 20,000, a large portion of the inhabitants would thus appear to have effected their escape.

The records of the discoveries at Pompeii open with a proposition made on the 23d March, 1748, by Colonel Alcubierre to Charles III., that excavations should be undertaken where the ruins of the house had been dis-

covered, and that an order should be given to the governor of Torre dell' Annunziata to assist as much as possible in the work. It was not, however, until the 2d of April that he succeeded in collecting twelve workmen together. His researches were soon rewarded. On the 6th of the same month he announces with great satisfaction the discovery of a painting representing festoons of fruit and flowers, a man's head,—very large and of good style,—a helmet, an owl, various small birds, and other objects. The house containing this painting stood in the street afterward known as the "Strada della Fortuna." On the 19th the first skeleton was found, lying upon the "rapillo" in the lava mud. Near it were eighteen bronze coins and one of silver. The first public edifice uncovered was the Amphitheatre. By the month of December it had been sufficiently cleared of rubbish to enable the delighted Spaniard to complete a plan of the building, the magnificence of which he extols, declaring that it could accommodate 15,000 persons. The first inscription, the discovery of which is officially mentioned, is the one, still preserved, which announces that one Marcus Crassus keeps salt and fresh water baths.

The reports continued to be made in Spanish until June, 1764, when the Italian language is used. The name of Pompeii occurs for the first time eight years after the discovery of the ruins (1756). Up to that time they were still believed to be those of Stabie, An inscription containing the name of Pompeii was found in the year 1763,* and settled the doubts as to the town, the site of which had been discovered.

The excavations were carried on for many years on a very limited scale, and with very varying success. The workmen employed were chiefly condemned felons, who worked chained in pairs, and Mohammedan slaves taken from the Barbary pirates. The greatest secrecy was maintained, and no stranger could obtain admission to the ruins. No regular plan seems to have been made of the part of the town uncovered, nor was there any attempt to restore or keep up the buildings. The reports contain accurate descriptions of the discoveries,—the statues, paintings on

* Gell (vol. i. 1st series, p. 9) thus describes a section of the strata near the Amphitheatre to the height of twenty feet: "Separating the whole into five portions, we shall find the first three to consist of pumice-stone in small pieces, resembling a light white cinder, and covering the pavement to the depth of twelve feet; the next portion is composed of six parts, beginning with a stratum of small black stones, not more than three inches in thickness; to this succeeds a layer of mud or earth, which has been mixed with water, and appears to have been deposited in a liquid state; upon this lies another thin stratum of little stones, of a mixed hue, in which blue predominates; a second stratum of mud, separated from a third by a thin wavy line of mixed blue stones, completes the fourth portion; while the fifth or highest division consists entirely of vegetable earth, principally formed by the gradual decomposition of the volcanic matter."

* An inscription with the name of POMPEII... had been discovered in 1689, but had not served to identify the site of the town.—*Giornale degli Scavi*, No. 2.

the walls, and the various objects in gold, silver, and other metals. Such things were diligently searched for, and were sent off to the royal collection as soon as discovered. Copies were taken of the most important paintings, which were then detached from the walls, and transferred to the Museum, the edifices in which they were found being left to perish, or being again covered up with the rubbish removed from adjoining excavations.

Many of the statues found during the early period of the excavations retained the colors with which they had been originally painted, thus affording a conclusive argument to those who maintain that the ancients were in the habit of coloring their sculpture. These colors are always particularly noted in the reports. Thus, on the 18th February, 1765, we have recorded the discovery of a statue of Venus leaving the bath and wringing her tresses. "She is naked from the waist upward; her hair is tinted yellow; round her neck is a gold necklace; she has also her breast and the upper part of the stomach gilt; the drapery which covers the lower part of the figure is painted red (*turchino*).^{*} Again, in 1766, behind the cella of the Temple of Isis, in a niche adorned with ornaments in stucco, was found a statue of Bacchus. His hair was partly gilt and partly tinted, as also his eyebrows and eyes. The bunches of grapes in the garland encircling his temples were painted. Around his neck, arms, and wrists were golden ornaments. The goat-skin which hung from his left shoulder was spotted with gold, and his buskins, formed of two skins, were partly gilt and partly tinted. The trunk of the tree against which he leaned and the tiger by his side were also colored. Many other parts of the statue appear to have been originally gilt and probably colored; but the gilding had yielded to time, and only faint traces of it could be seen.* A female figure in marble, discovered in the same temple, had the upper half of the drapery above the girdle gilt; and the lower part painted red, and studded with various ornaments in gold.

* This beautiful statue had been broken into several pieces, and had been repaired by the ancients with iron brackets. It had probably been thrown from its pedestal during the earthquake of A. D. 63. In 1853 a colossal statue of an emperor in marble was discovered—the hair of which was painted red, the mantle purple, and the buskins black. Another statue, supposed to represent Cicero, had the hair, face, and eyes painted, and the toga colored purple.—*Gell*, vol. i. p. 77, 2d series.

In December, 1766, were discovered the barracks of the gladiators, identified by many inscriptions containing the names of gladiatorial families, and by the rude drawings of combats upon the walls. One of its numerous chambers was a prison, the contents of which are still amongst the most curious relics preserved in the Museum of Naples. The skeletons of four prisoners were found with their feet in iron stocks. A lock fastening the bar which confined their ankles still remained and on the ground was the key, which had probably been left by the guards when they fled, abandoning their wretched charge. Four vizored helmets, several pairs of greaves, and other portions of armor, of bronze, and of exquisite workmanship, had fallen from the nails to which they had been hung against the wall. Some antiquaries are of opinion that they were not intended for use, but were prizes given to successful gladiators. Their size and weight and the singular beauty of the embossed figures and ornaments with which they are covered may confirm this conjecture. One or two coins of small value, an earthen pot, and a broken oil-lamp, were the only other objects found in the place except a bottomless wine-jar, in which were the bones of a new-born child. Were these the proofs of a crime committed by one of the miserable inmates of the prison?

The 6th April, 1769, was a great day for Pompeii. The superintendent of the excavations was at that time Signor la Vega, an intelligent antiquary, who appears to have been the first to make anything like a detailed plan of the ruins. He had prepared a "scavo" (an excavation) for the king. His Majesty arrived accompanied by the queen, the Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., with his celebrated minister Count Kaunitz, and the English representative at the Neapolitan court, Sir W. Hamilton, with his antiquary, M. d'Ancrevil, who, at the command of the king, became the cicerone of the distinguished party. The "scavo" was unusually successful, and a large number of interesting objects in bronze and other metals, in glass, in terra-cotta, and in bone, were extracted from the "lapillo." So rich was the find that the emperor, who seems to have been the most sagacious of the party, suspected a trick, which had probably already been played, as it has frequently been since, upon royal visitors. He desired to know whether these curious relics had not

been artfully concealed before his arrival. Signor la Vega hastened to prove to him that his suspicions were unfounded, and to pay courtier-like compliments to his royal master, for whom alone, he declared, of all living sovereigns, such a fortunate chance was reserved. His imperial majesty was but little satisfied with the manner in which the works were carried on, and proceeded to take his royal brother roundly to task for his neglect. Being told that only thirty workmen were employed, he asked the king how he could allow so great a work to go on so languidly. His Majesty replied, after the true Neapolitan fashion, "that little by little everything would be done." This did not satisfy the more eager emperor. "Three thousand men, at least," he exclaimed, "should be put to such a work. Why, there is nothing like it in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, and these discoveries are the special honor of your majesty's kingdom." When shown the plan of the ruins, he asked for several buildings which he had not seen. On being informed that they had been covered up by the rubbish taken from other parts of the excavations, he turned to the king, and inquired, sharply, how he could have permitted this to be done. His majesty, of course, threw the blame upon "his late august father." Signor la Vega endeavored to furnish further explanations and excuses, which were probably considered but little satisfactory by the emperor.

One of the most interesting discoveries recorded in the journals was made on the 12th December, 1772. For some weeks workmen had been employed in clearing out the ruins of a house of considerable size, evidently the residence of a man of wealth, outside the gate leading to Herculaneum. After exploring many rooms, containing various objects of value, they came to what appeared to be a long subterranean passage. Here encased in the hardened mud they found a group of skeletons, consisting of eighteen full-grown persons, mostly women, a boy, and a very young child. It is conjectured that these were the remains of the family of the owner of the house, who is supposed, without sufficient grounds, to have been a certain Diomedes, from a tomb inscribed with that name discovered in the street hard by.

These victims of the eruption had sought refuge in a vaulted corridor, forming a square, which, from the number of wine-jars found

in it, is supposed to have been a wine-cellar. They had hoped that the strong stone vault would have protected them against the shower of pumice-stones and ashes and the falling masses which first issued from the black cloud that covered the heavens, and which they vainly believed would last but for a little time. They were not, however, beyond the reach of the insidious mud, which, entering by the small windows and oozing through every opening, gradually gathered round them. There were no means of flight. The entrance was closed against them by the accumulating "lapillo." Huddled into a corner, and nestled in each other's arms, they were, little by little, covered by the rising mud. We may hope that they were not exposed to a lingering death, but that, overcome by the sulphurous fumes, they were soon lost to consciousness.

The mud rapidly hardened round the bodies, and preserved almost a perfect mould of the unhappy victims as they had clung together in the last agony of death,—a more touching group than ever sculptor has invented. The flesh and all the more delicate parts of the human frame had long perished; but the bones were left in the hollow mould which the limbs had formed. In some instances the hair was still attached to the skulls: and it was noted that a young girl had her long tresses twisted in elaborate plaits. The clothes they wore had been carbonized; but there were remains of them, which, with the impression they had left upon the mud, served to show their texture, and to prove that of those who had perished some were clothed in much coarser garments than others. The superintendent, who was present at the discovery, was even able to ascertain that most of the women wore over their heads linen drapery, which fell to their shoulders; that their dresses consisted, in most cases, of several gowns, as it were, one over the other; that their lower limbs were clothed in linen or cloth trousers, "cut in the form of long drawers;" and that whilst some wore shoes or sandals, the feet of others had been naked. One lady was distinguished by the richness of her jewelled ornaments and the fineness of her linen. The whole story was thus told: the servants and dependants of the family had died in the same struggle with their master and mistress.

Fragments of the singular casts we have

described were cut from the surrounding soil. The perfect mould of the bosom of a girl, of exquisite form, with the thin drapery which partly covered it, has long been one of the most interesting objects in the Naples Museum. It has now almost crumbled away. Unfortunately the happy idea which afterwards occurred to Signor Fiorelli, and to which we shall hereafter allude, had not suggested itself to those who then had the direction of the excavations.

Many ornaments in gold and silver, such as armlets, bracelets, necklaces, and finger-rings, a few engraved gems, twenty-eight coins, chiefly of Vespasian and Sergius Galba, bronze candelabra and vases, parts of a casket,—probably the jewel-case of the lady of the house,—a bunch of keys, a wooden comb, a piece of coral, and some other objects, were discovered near this group.

In the early part of this century, the excavations were allowed to languish. No discoveries of any importance are recorded in the reports. The authorities appear to have confined themselves to preserving some of the most important buildings already uncovered, and to keeping them free from rubbish. The grass had been allowed to grow in the streets and in the deserted ruins. The remains were so ill guarded that frequent complaints are made of robberies of interesting objects. Few strangers of distinction appear to have visited Pompeii in those unsettled times. In the records of March, 1806, Prince Joseph Bonaparte is mentioned as a visitor; and it is duly noted that he generously bestowed two louis d'ors and forty-eight carlini on the soldiers who had the custody of them.

In the same year the intelligent minister of Murat, Saliceti, gave some impulse to the work, by undertaking excavations at his own expense; but his success does not seem to have encouraged him to persevere, for the experiment was soon discontinued, as we are told, "*a motivo di mancanza di denaro.*" In the government excavations only eight men were employed, and even these did not receive their pay. It is hinted that there was consequently much difficulty in keeping them at their work.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, the excavations were carried on with more activity. The king and the queen frequently visited them, and the superintendent always contrived to have a good crop of antiquities

ready for the royal party. The reports of the discoveries now began to excite great interest throughout Europe. The ruins of Pompeii were amongst the principal objects which attracted the stream of travellers flowing to Italy after the Peace. The visits of persons of distinction are frequently recorded in the journals. When any such appeared at Naples, they were usually honored by a special "*scavo.*" The presence of the Princess of Wales and of Canova are specially noted, and that of many crowned heads and royal personages from different parts of Europe.

In October of 1818 we find the record of a somewhat curious discovery. Two soldiers of the guard of veterans whose duty it was to take care of the excavated monuments—a duty, by the way, which they very ill performed, as frequent complaints of robberies and of the defacement of paintings still occur in the official reports—were walking on the ancient walls of the city, when they were startled by a fox. The animal took refuge in a small secret staircase leading into a subterranean passage beneath the walls, through which the Pompeian garrison is supposed to have issued when intending to surprise an enemy investing the town. Our two gallant veterans, it is declared, did not hesitate to follow, forcing their way through the rubbish into a vaulted chamber. Instead of finding the fox they discovered parts of a bronze figure, of beautiful workmanship, lying among human skulls and bones. These fragments proved to belong to a statue of Apollo, other parts of which had in the previous year been taken out of a cistern in the centre of the town, and a mile distant from the walls. Still the left arm and leg were wanting. These were found shortly after, amongst a mass of fragments which had been collected during former excavations, and placed in a magazine. The whole statue was thus restored, and is now one of the chief treasures of the Royal Museum. This discovery shows that before the town was overwhelmed, the inhabitants had attempted to carry off many of their most precious things. It is probable that this bronze statue had been thrown down and broken up for the sake of the metal. Those who sought to bear part of it away had endeavored to escape by the secret passage. They had found the concealed outlet leading into the open

country already blocked up by the pumice-stones. They retraced their steps; but the entrance had in the meanwhile been closed against them, and they perished miserably. These little episodes in the excavations give a singular interest to the buried ruins. They bring before us in a vivid manner the horrors of the catastrophe, and chronicle, as it were in a book, the events of that fatal day.

In 1821, the Austrians had occupied the Neapolitan States. They were not less merciless to the treasures of Pompeii than they have ever been to other monuments of Italian genius. One of the principal causes of the intense and unquenchable hatred of the Italians against their former oppressors arises from the contempt which the Austrians have shown for those great works of art which are the pride and glory of the Italian people. The policy of the Austrians in Italy appears to have been to destroy, as far as they could venture, all traces and memory of the former greatness and prosperity of the country which they held in subjection,—as if by such means they could trample out the traditions of the past, which had for generations formed the only hereditary wealth of the Italian nation. They quartered their soldiers in the fresco-painted chapels and town-halls; turned the convents, full of the marvels of art, into stables and military magazines; and billeted their uncouth and filthy Croats in the lordliest mansions, where the most splendid furniture and the richest decorations of the Italian classic age served for firewood, or were wantonly destroyed. It is singular that a government boasting of its refinement and civilization, and not insensible, north of the Alps, to the influence of the fine arts and to the good opinion of Europe, should have committed this egregious blunder in Italy. In the journals of the excavations at Pompeii we have such entries as this: “June 30 (1821). Yesterday a party of Austrian soldiers in garrison at Torre dell’ Annunziata, having penetrated into various parts of this royal domain, committed serious impertinences (*delle serie impertinenze*). Amongst other things they broke in pieces a fine amphora of terracotta, and even threw down the columns which formed the peristyle of the ancient public edifice, supposed to be a Lyceum, and were connected with the Temple of Isis.”

During the reign of the Bourbons, the principal object of those who had the care of the

ruins seems to have been to make sufficient discoveries of interest to attract strangers, and thus to increase the resources of the establishment and of the State. Nothing was done for the real love of art, or in that liberal spirit which should characterize it. The excavations at Pompeii, like everything else in the kingdom, became a vehicle for jobbery and public robbery. They were given over to such persons as were able to bribe those about the king, or could command influence at court,—at one time to a favorite scene-painter. The object was to make as much as possible out of them. Strangers were only allowed to visit them under the most stringent regulations. To draw, to copy, or even to take the roughest notes, was strictly forbidden. The mere traveller was not even allowed to make from the ruins a hasty sketch of the beautiful scenery which surrounds them. It was only when a painting or an object of interest had been discovered for some years that, after going through all manner of forms, and waiting many a day, the archæologist or the artist could obtain permission to make a drawing of it. These illiberal rules were extended to the collections in the Museum. No one was exempt from them, except the small knot of persons who had obtained the exclusive privilege of publication, and who looked upon it as a profitable monopoly. Even Sir W. Gell, whose first work upon Pompeii had done so much to call attention to the ruins and to make them known to the most profitable of visitors at that time, the English, and who, himself a resident at Naples, was ever ready to open his rich portfolios and his valuable collections and library to students of all nations, was not allowed to execute drawings for the second series of his work,—the importation and sale of which were actually interdicted under a heavy penalty. It was only by stealth that he succeeded in obtaining his illustrations, and in preserving the record of many valuable monuments which have since perished.

As in every other public department of Naples, a crowd of hungry hangers-on fed upon the traveller. The principal ruins were kept under lock and key by one of these harpies, who pounced upon the visitor, and extorted a fee before he would open the gate. Of course they robbed every one alike. Some of the most interesting objects discovered in the ruins were stolen by the guardians themselves,

and were sold to those who supplied the various public and private museums in Europe. Many of the choicest specimens of ancient art in the valuable collection of Greek and Roman antiquities brought together by Sir W. Temple, long our minister at Naples, and so munificently bequeathed by him to the British nation, were obtained from dealers, who openly offered the plundered property for sale. It was even suspected that the government officials themselves shared in the profit.

During this period, however, many precious discoveries were made. Probably the most remarkable was that, in 1831, of the great mosaic, supposed to represent the battle of Issus, forming the pavement of a chamber in the so-called house of the Faun. This was one of the most charming residences in Pompeii, and, no doubt, belonged to a man of wealth and rare taste. It had suffered from the first earthquake. Its owner was repairing it when the eruption took place. The remains of more ancient frescoes may be detected under the newly-executed paintings. Piles of bricks, a long frieze in terra-cotta, covered with stucco bas-reliefs representing Nereids riding on sea monsters, and a large collection of various marbles for the pavements, were found in the house ready for use. In the midst of a courtyard, surrounded by a portico, there had been a flower-garden; in its centre stood a graceful marble fountain; at the four corners were placed vases and statues. Opening upon this garden was a small chamber, the entrance to which was formed by two elegant columns and two pilasters of the Corinthian order, painted red. Between the columns was a pavement in colored mosaic, representing the course of the Nile.

Various Egyptian animals, a crocodile, a hippopotamus, an ichneumon, and many gay birds floating on the stream, typified the river. This was the antechamber to the rich peristyle in which the pavement was formed by the great mosaic, probably the most important work of this nature preserved to us from the ancients. Its subject is a battle between Greeks and barbarians who, from their costume, may be presumed to be Persians, or of some other Oriental race. A youthful warrior, clothed in Greek armor, his head bare, charges with his couched spear through a mass of fighting men in flowing garments and lofty headdresses. He seeks to reach an Eastern king, who sits on

a high chariot. We recognize in the two Alexander and Darius; and the battle may be one of those great victories which decided the fate of the Eastern world. The mosaic is of the finest execution.

The tesserae are all, we believe, cut from natural stone, and are most skilfully and artistically laid. It is highly probable that this mosaic is a copy of some well-known picture of antiquity, Greek or Roman. So elaborate and important a design could scarcely have been made for a pavement, for which it seems but ill-adapted. Moreover, we can trace in it an attempt to imitate, in very inadequate materials, the peculiar qualities of a picture. As a work of art it is of great value, as affording the best insight we possess into the knowledge and proficiency attained by the ancients in painting. Not that there is any reason to doubt that a people so skilled in two of the highest branches of art, in architecture and sculpture, should have been deficient in the third. But owing to the far more perishable nature of pictures, no great work of that class has reached us. We can only judge of the perfection attained by the ancients in painting through very imperfect copies, or by the still less satisfactory means of written descriptions. Worthy of particular remark in this battle-scene are the admirable grouping and expression of the figures, the spirit of the composition, the correct drawing, the knowledge of foreshortening, and the just application of the laws of light and shade. Even these qualities can give but a faint idea of the beauty of the original, of which this pavement was probably one of many reproductions.

This mosaic appears to have been injured by the first earthquake, and it was under repair when the great eruption overwhelmed the town. It has suffered further injury by long exposure after its discovery, and by its subsequent transfer to the Museum at Naples.

Several other mosaic pavements of considerable merit, and many rooms ornamented with elegant painted decorations, were discovered in this house, which forms a block or "island," as it is technically called, between four streets. Only two human skeletons were found in it, those of an old man and a girl, who had taken refuge in an oven near the kitchen. They were probably servants who had been left in charge of the house

whilst their master and his family had wisely taken to flight at the commencement of the eruption, carrying with them their most valuable property. But one of those touching little episodes which are so full of interest and give a living reality to Pompeii, is connected with the house of the Faun. The skeleton of a dove was found in a niche overlooking the garden. Like the sentry, who still stood as if in watch and ward at the city gate, she had been true to her duty to the last: she had sat in her nest whilst the burning shower fell around, and beneath her was the egg which contained the tiny bones of her yet unborn young one.

In 1848, the arrival of Pope Pius IX. at Naples led to the foundation of a short era of pious morality. As the ladies of the ballet were condemned to wear green undergarments, so the "*camera riservata*" of the Museum was closed with brick and mortar, and all female statues with scanty clothing, and notably Venuses, were banished into an apartment only accessible to proved antiquaries of advanced years and irreproachable reputation. The few remaining paintings at Pompeii, in which subjects of too tender a nature were treated, were carefully covered up. When the Holy Father visited the ruins and the collections, the righteous Neapolitan Government could boast that there was nothing to offend the chastest gaze.

In 1850, Garibaldi became dictator of Naples. Amongst the many extravagant acts of that honest but easily misled man, none was more extravagant than the decree which appointed M. Alexandre Dumas head of the museums and excavations of the kingdom. This was the reward granted to the importunities of that eccentric individual for the services he had volunteered as the historiographer of the memorable expedition to Sicily and Calabria, which ended by the triumphant entry into the capital of the Italian hero as a first-class passenger by the railway. The writer of romances received as his official residence a royal palace standing upon one of the most lovely parts of the Bay of Naples. He was entertained at the public expense, and forty "*couverts*" a day were furnished to him by the municipality for the entertainment of the strange guests he had gathered round him. We are willing to give no ear to the rumors which prevailed in Naples as to what passed within the walls, and which

astonished even the inhabitants of the freest city of free Italy. At any rate, the charms of this royal life were such that M. Dumas was loath to resign them without a struggle, and it was only after "much pressure" that he gave up to the new government the palace, which had been declared national property.

It must be admitted to the credit of M. Dumas, that no one was more fully alive than himself to the notable absurdity of his own promotion to the chief archæological and scientific distinction in Southern Italy. He only once, we believe, visited Pompeii. He did not interfere either with the excavations or with the direction of the Museum, but dropped so imperceptibly out of his functions that he ceased to exercise them without his appointment, as far as we know, having to this day been cancelled.

The new Government sought for the best man to fill the office of superintendent of the excavations at Pompeii. The public voice justly pointed to the Cavaliere Giuseppe Fiorelli as the one. This gentleman belongs to a class of men which has not been rare in Italy even in her darkest days. He was learned, a ripe scholar, and deeply versed in the archæology of his country, yet withal singularly modest and retiring, supporting life upon the scantiest of means, enthusiastic in the pursuit of his favorite study, and eloquent in teaching its results, loving the memories and traditions of his great country, and of liberal but moderate political opinions. At the early age of twenty-three he had been elected vice-president of the congress of learned men from all parts of Italy who had assembled at Genoa. He had already attained a European reputation. This was just the man to be treated with every cruelty and ignominy under the priest-ridden Government of Naples. On his return, he had been appointed one of the directors of the works at Pompeii. His first endeavor was to establish something like an honest administration, and to put an end to the system of robbery and extortion which prevailed there. He was at once denounced as a dangerous Liberal to the Government by those with whose unhallowed gains he interfered. As a matter of course, he was thrown into one of the filthy prisons at Naples. There he remained a year. His innocence was so complete that even a Neapolitan tribunal could

prove no charge against him. He was of necessity released, but was not less an object of persecution by the Government. A manuscript history of the excavations at Pompeii, which he had prepared with great labor, was seized by the police, and was never restored to him. Deprived of his place, and driven to absolute poverty, he was compelled to earn his daily bread by laying asphalt pavements on terraces. The king's brother, the Count of Syracuse, himself a lover of archæology, and a seeker after buried treasures, had heard of Fiorelli's fame, and was not the less inclined to him because he had been denounced as a Liberal. He sent for him, and named him his private secretary. But this did not screen Fiorelli from the persecution of the Government. On the contrary, he had now to bear, with his own sins of Liberalism, those committed by his friend and patron. The police received orders to arrest him wherever he might be found; and his literary labors were stopped by the seizure of a printing-press which he employed. He remained hidden for some time in the house of the prince who at last saw him safely on board a steamer which conveyed him to Leghorn. After the union of Naples with the rest of Italy, M. Farini named Fiorelli Inspector of the Excavations at Pompeii, the place for which he was so eminently qualified.*

With the appointment of the Cavaliere Fiorelli a new era commenced at Pompeii. Hitherto the excavations had been carried on without definite or intelligible plan. The aim of those who directed them was to find as many objects of value as possible to add to the already magnificent collection in the Royal Museum. No very careful or accurate observations were consequently made whilst the earth and rubbish were being hastily and carelessly removed. Important and interesting facts were left unrecorded, and the means of restoring many of the architectural details of the buildings discovered were neglected. Signor Fiorelli had perceived how much could be done by removing the volcanic deposits with care, and upon a regular system, taking note of every appearance or

fragment which might afford or suggest a restoration of any part of the buried edifices.

The plan he pursues is this: The excavations are commenced by clearing away from the surface the vegetable mould in which there are no remains. The volcanic substances, either "lapillo" or hardened lavamud, in which ruins of buildings may exist, are then very gradually removed. Every fragment of brickwork is kept in the place where it is found, and fixed there by props. When charred wood is discovered, it is replaced by fresh timber. By thus carefully retaining in its original position what still exists, and by replacing that which has perished, but has left its trace, Signor Fiorelli has been able to preserve and restore a large part of the upper portion of the buried houses.

One of the first and most interesting results of the improved system upon which the excavations are thus carried on has been the discovery and restoration of the second story of a Pompeian house, and especially of the *manianum*, a projecting gallery or balcony overhanging the street. This part of a Roman building, which is frequently represented in the wall-paintings, but the existence of which at Pompeii had been doubted or denied, was built of brick, and supported by strong wooden beams and props. The masonry is still in many cases preserved; the carbonized wood has to be restored. Some of these galleries seem to have been entirely open, like a modern balcony, and as they are represented in the frescoes; others formed part of the upper chambers of the house, and were furnished with small windows, from which the inmates could see the passers-by. In the narrow streets of Pompeii these projecting galleries must have approached so nearly as almost to exclude the rays of even the midsummer sun, and to throw a grateful shade below. The upper stories, which appear to have been sometimes more than one in number, were reached by stairs of brick or wood. Some of those in brick are still partly preserved. Those in wood have perished; but the holes for the beams are there, and the charred beams themselves can be renewed.

By Signor Fiorelli's careful and ingenious restorations, we can now for the first time picture to ourselves the appearance of a Roman town. Previously we only had the bare

* We are indebted for this sketch of the Cavaliere Fiorelli to an interesting article on Pompeii, contributed by M. Marc Monnier to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (vol. xlvii). We may add that, as far as his modesty would permit, it has been confirmed by Signor Fiorelli himself.

walls, forming nothing but a collection of shapeless ruins. Had his plan been adopted from the commencement, had the position of every fragment been noted at the time of its discovery, and had the floors, windows, and other wood-work been restored by the process we shall describe, instead of wandering amidst a confused mass of crumbling walls, we should have found ourselves in a Roman town, the houses of which might still have almost harbored its population. As far as we can now judge, Pompeii must have nearly resembled in its principal features a modern Eastern city. The outside of the houses gave out little promise of the beauty and richness of the inside. The sudden change from the naked brick walls facing the narrow street to the spacious courtyard, adorned with paintings, statues, and colored stuccoes, ornamented with flower-beds and fountains and surrounded by alcoves and porticoes, from which the burning rays of the sun were warded off by rich tapestries and embroidered hangings, will remind the Eastern traveller of Damascus or Ispahan. The overhanging galleries, with the small, latticed windows; the mean shops—mere recesses in the outer walls of the houses; the brick-built counter, with the earthen jars and pans let into it; the marble slabs on which the tradesman exposed his wares, and received his cash; the awning stretched across the street (the holes by which it was fastened are still visible); the caravanserai or khan outside the city gate, with its many small rooms opening into a stable behind and a courtyard in front (the skeletons of horses and their metal trappings were found in the ruins of such an hostelry on the Herculanean Way), are all characteristic of a modern Eastern town.

We must now notice another and a not less interesting result of the careful investigations and the ingenuity of Signor Fiorelli. It has been mentioned that the destruction of Pompeii was owing to two distinct causes, —showers of small pumice-stones (lapillo) and streams of thick mud descending from the mountain. The "lapillo" lies loosely against the walls and round the objects over which it accumulated. In some instances the colors of the frescoes which it covered have changed, —the red having become black, for example, —whilst in others no alteration is visible. This change may be attributed either to the effect of heat or of those sulphurous vapors

which, according to Pliny, issued from the hot cinders and proved so destructive to human life. The lapillo buried objects of metal, marble, glass, and ivory, without injuring them; but it appears to have produced that peculiar greenish-blue oxidation on copper and bronze which is well known to connoisseurs as the "patina" of Pompeii. The ash-mud, on the other hand, soon hardened, forming, as we have already mentioned, a perfect mould of any object round which it had gathered. Signor Fiorelli had frequently observed hollows in this hard volcanic matter, in which were found human bones or fragments of charred wood mixed with ivory and bronze ornaments. The happy idea occurred to him of pouring liquid plaster into these hollows—in fact, using them as a sculptor would a mould. The result far exceeded his expectations. Amongst the first casts that he thus obtained were those of four human beings. They are now preserved in a room at Pompeii, and more ghastly and painful, yet deeply-interesting and touching objects, it is difficult to conceive. We have death itself moulded and cast,—the very last struggle, the final agony brought before us. They tell their story with a horrible dramatic truth that no sculptor could ever reach. They would have furnished a thrilling episode to the accomplished author of the "Last Days of Pompeii."

These four persons had perished in a street. They had remained within the shelter of their homes until the thick black mud began to creep through every cranny and chink. Driven from their retreat, they sought to flee when it was too late. The streets were already buried deep in the loose pumice-stones which had been falling for many hours in unremitting showers, and which reached almost to the windows of the first floor. These victims of the eruption were not found together, and they do not appear to have belonged to the same family or household. The most interesting of the casts is that of two women, probably mother and daughter, lying feet to feet. They appear from their garb to have been people of poor condition. The elder seems to lie tranquilly on her side. Overcome by the noxious gases, she probably fell and died without a struggle. Her limbs are extended, and her left arm drops loosely. On one finger is still seen her coarse iron ring. Her child was a girl of fifteen: she

seems, poor thing! to have struggled hard for life. Her legs are drawn up convulsively. Her little hands are clinched in agony. In one she holds her veil, or a part of her dress, with which she had covered her head, burying her face in her arm, to shield herself from the falling ashes and from the foul sulphurous smoke. The form of her head is perfectly preserved. The texture of her coarse linen garments may be traced, and even the fashion of her dress, with its long sleeves reaching to her wrists. Here and there it is torn, and the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble. On her tiny feet may still be seen her embroidered sandals.

At some distance from this group lay a third woman. She appears to have been about twenty-five years of age, and to have belonged to a better class than the other two. On one of her fingers were two silver rings, and her garments were of a finer texture. Her linen headdress, falling over her shoulders like that of a matron in a Roman statue, can still be distinguished. She had fallen on her side, overcome by the heat and gases; but a terrible struggle seems to have preceded her last agony. One arm is raised in despair; the hands are clinched convulsively. Her garments are gathered up on one side, leaving exposed a limb of beautiful shape. So perfect a mould of it has been formed by the soft and yielding mud, that the cast would seem to be taken from an exquisite work of Greek art. She had fled with her little treasure, which lay scattered around her,—two silver cups, a few jewels, and some dozen silver coins. Nor had she, like a good housewife, forgotten her keys, after having, probably, locked up her stores before seeking to escape. They were found by her side.

The fourth cast is that of a man of the people, perhaps a common soldier. He is of almost colossal size. He lies on his back, his arms extended by his side and his feet stretched out as if, finding escape impossible, he had laid himself down to meet death like a brave man. His dress consists of a short coat, or jerkin, and tight-fitting breeches, of some coarse stuff, perhaps leather. Heavy sandals, with soles stuffed with nails, are laced tightly round his ankles. On one finger is seen his iron ring. His features are strongly marked, the mouth open as in death. Some of the

teeth still remain, and even part of the mustache adheres to the plaster.

The importance of Signor Fiorelli's discovery may be understood from the results we have described. It may furnish us with many curious particulars as to the dress and domestic habits of the Romans, and with many an interesting episode of the last day of Pompeii. Had it been made at an earlier period, we might, perhaps, have possessed the perfect cast of the family of Diomedes, as they clung together in their last struggle, and of other victims whose remains are now mingled together in the bone-house.

But the casts of human forms are not the only casts obtained by Signor Fiorelli's simple process. The mud has moulded in the same way objects in wood and other perishable materials. Doors, the frames of windows, the sliding leaves of the shop-shutters, like those in modern use, elegant trellis-work, with bronze and ivory ornaments, which surrounded the little garden plots in the courtyards, chests, and many other things, have been thus restored, and we are almost able to fit up the interior of a Pompeian house. As so much of the town still remains to be uncovered, it is impossible to conjecture what interesting and important discoveries may yet be made.

The most remarkable objects in metal, glass, and marble, discovered at Pompeii and placed in the Museum at Naples, are so well known that it is not necessary to mention them. One or two recently found, and consequently as yet seen by few travellers, require, however, some notice. The most important of these is an exquisite statuette in bronze, conjectured to represent "Narcissus listening to Echo." This is, perhaps, the most precious work of the class hitherto obtained from the ruins, and is a masterpiece of ancient art. It was, curiously enough, dug out of what appears to have been the house of a washerwoman—judging from the number of deep earthen basins and leaden tubs found on the ground-floor. As it was found in the "lapillo" several feet above the level of the pavement, it had stood in an upper chamber, which must have fallen in during the eruption. Like most statuettes of this kind from Pompeii, it is probably a reduced copy of some statue of great renown amongst the ancients. The figure is nude, with the exception of a goat-skin thrown

over the left shoulder, and the hunter's cothurni, or boots, of exquisite workmanship, laced round the ankle and reaching to the calf of the leg. The expression of the face is very earnest, and the head is bent over the right shoulder in the act of listening. The hair is bound with a simple branch of ivy or myrtle, to which some berries are attached. The right hand is raised, and the first finger points to the spot from whence the distant sound is wafted. The left hand rests daintily on the hip. The sockets of the eyes, which had once been filled with silver or ivory, are now empty.

This statuette is probably of Greek workmanship, and is marked by that elegance, grace, and voluptuousness of form which distinguish the sculpture of Pompeii. The execution is delicate, the chiselling vigorous and sharp, as in the hair and sandals, the forms round, and the anatomy well studied, with a sufficient deviation from the strict rules of proportion to give character to the figure. The feet, for instance, may be thought somewhat too large, the sandals helping to produce this effect. The story is admirably told. It is impossible to represent more naturally and vividly the act of an earnest listener. Who can doubt that the distant wail of the amorous nymph has struck upon the ear of the obdurate youth?

About the time of the discovery of this beautiful statuette, a lamp of solid gold, weighing thirty-three and a half ounces, and a small figure in amber, representing Cupid wearing a wig, were also dug up. The lamp was found without its cover, and is of considerable intrinsic value. The amber figure seems to have been considered a precious object, and one of great rarity, as it was carried away with a small collection of silver coins by one who fled from the eruption, and whose skeleton was discovered hard by. No similar object had previously been obtained from the ruins.

It would be difficult to spend a more pleasant and interesting day than in watching a "scavo" at Pompeii. There is at all times an excitement and a delight, only to be understood by those who have experienced them, in opening ancient tombs and in digging for ancient remains. It is the excitement of a lottery with many blanks, but with an occasional prize which makes up for many disappointments. This is especially the case at

Pompeii. You never know what the spade may turn up,—what object of exquisite beauty or of extreme rarity it may expose. Then there is the speculation as to its nature when uncovered. What new phase of Roman life may it illustrate,—what purpose may it have served? Add to this the wonderful ruins around you, and the lovely scenery beyond,—Vesuvius rising majestically in the background, with its purple shadows and its thin column of white smoke capped by a broad capital of spreading vapor; the stone-pines, and the white convents on its dark sides; the calm blue sea washing the rocky shores of Sorrento; the distant isles rising from its tranquil bosom; the soft, balmy air breathing upon you, and above the clear, bright, azure sky of Southern Italy! Search the globe, and you will not find such a scene as this.

Signor Fiorelli is ever ready to gratify a traveller, who has any claim to the favor, with a "scavo;" several chambers are generally kept in readiness for this purpose. Experience has shown that objects of interest are usually found on the pavement of the ground-floor in the "lapillo." Such as have been discovered at a higher level have fallen in from the upper chambers, which appear to have been usually occupied by servants and persons of an inferior class, and rarely contained anything of much value. The "scavo" is consequently prepared by removing all the volcanic substances which cover the building to within about four or five feet of the floor. The entrances to the chambers are then carefully closed with stones, and no one is allowed to go in until the final excavation takes place.

On the appointed day, Signor Fiorelli, with his usual courtesy, accompanies the visitor to Pompeii. Twelve or fourteen workmen, under a superintendent, who narrowly watches their proceedings to prevent petty thefts of coins and other small objects, are ready for the day's work. They usually include two experienced excavators, who have to remove, with great care and caution, using spade or pick, the deposit of loose pumice-stones or hardened mud, in which the antiquities are searched for. The remainder of the party consists of women, girls, and boys, who are employed in removing the rubbish. The mode of proceeding is as rude and primitive as that followed by Mr. Layard in the excavations at Nineveh. When the earth is

loosened by the diggers, it is shovelled into baskets, which are carried away by the swarthy, black-eyed boys and girls, either on their heads or under their arms. Singing and laughing, with their naked feet and tattered garments, they toil up the steep bank and empty their loads into carts ready to receive them. Formerly, the rubbish was thrown into parts of the ruins already uncovered, or even upon the ground not yet examined. Amongst the many improvements introduced by Signor Fiorelli is a tramway, by which the excavated soil is removed to a distance from the ruins.

On reaching the "scavo," the first thing to be ascertained is whether the former owners or the ancient robber excavators have dug there before us. This is easily learned. If the pumice-stones are unmixed with bricks, pottery, or other remains, and if they lie in well-defined alternate strata with the lavamud, then the soil is declared to be "virgin," and we may hope for interesting discoveries; but if the strata are not well marked, but are broken into each other, and the small pumice-stones are mingled with fragments of bricks and pottery, then we may be sure that others have been there before us at some remote period, and we must make up our minds to disappointment. No object of value, at any rate, is likely to have escaped the earlier explorers. Sometimes the partition wall has been broken through, and a hole shows where the owners of the house, or, more probably, some treasure-seekers, have forced their way into the chamber. The director having given the order to commence, the diggers work vigorously. The girls and boys hurry away with their baskets. The superintendent, whose keen, well-practised eye detects the smallest object, now and then picks up a coin or a fragment of metal. Suddenly the excavators stop and call the attention of the director to a discovery. The color of the "lapillo" tells us if an object in bronze or iron is about to be uncovered. If of copper or bronze, the blue oxidation, peculiar to Pompeii, tints the soil; if of iron, the secret is betrayed by the reddish-brown hue which marks the presence of that metal. The basket-carriers are now put on one side. An experienced workman, with a kind of trowel, removes the "lapillo," which lies so lightly that it can be almost brushed away with the hand. He is so dexterous, and so well accustomed to his work,

that he quickly uncovers the object of which he is in search without injuring it. It may be a bronze vase of beautiful form, or an iron utensil of extreme rarity, or a glass urn of exquisite workmanship. If the thing discovered is of bronze, or lead, or glass, it is generally in the most perfect condition; if of iron, it is frequently so much decomposed as to fall to pieces on exposure to the air. The object is carefully removed by the superintendent, placed on a tray, and a note at once made of the place and position in which it was found, and of any peculiar circumstances attending its discovery. It is then sent to a receiving room, where a clerk enters all these particulars, and a more detailed description in a register. Later it is transferred to the Royal Museum at Naples, or added to the small collection now being formed at Pompeii.

The diggers and basket-carriers return to their work until the discovery of another object is announced. At length the chamber is entirely cleared. It forms part of the house of a wealthy citizen. We are in the "tablinum," a small recess opening upon the great hall or atrium. The walls are elaborately painted after the usual Pompeian fashion. If they are found to be falling, they are at once strengthened by iron brackets, or, if necessary, sustained by wooden props or by masonry. If the paintings are of more than ordinary merit, they are carefully removed, by detaching the plaster from the wall. A varnish is laid over those which remain to preserve them from the effects of exposure. The ancients themselves were careful to keep them from damp, and many of the most richly painted walls have, for this purpose, a sheet of lead between the "intonaco" and the wall itself. The pavement is either of mosaic, sometimes rich with flowers, fruit, masks, or figures in bright colors; or of simple patterns in white and black tesserae. On removing from it the last layer of rubbish, we come upon a perfect skeleton; it is that of a woman, probably the mistress of the house. She had attempted to fly on that fatal night, and had thought to save her jewel-case—the "mundus muliebris"—"the woman's all"—enclosed in its wooden casket or pyxis. We find the hinges, the lock, and the ornamental fittings, which, being of bronze and ivory, have been preserved, whilst the wood-work has perished. Scattered around her are its contents,—her golden ear-

rings, bracelets, and a necklace hung with curious amulets, such as objects in coral, supposed to bring fecundity, a closed hand, with the two fingers extended to ward off the evil eye, a bee in onyx of exquisite workmanship, as an augury of good, and little bells whose sound drives away contagion, her jewelled rings, a fragment of her ivory comb, her bronze looking-glass, the ivory pins that gathered up her tresses, and a few small glass and alabaster vases and bottles which held her ointments and perfumes. If the lava-mud has penetrated into the chamber, the mould of the casket itself may be preserved, so that a perfect cast may be taken of it, and even the impression of the linen garments which formed part of her wardrobe may be plainly seen. Near her lies a terra-cotta lamp, with its elegant dolphin-shaped cover. It had fallen from her hand when she sank exhausted, after in vain groping her way through the thick darkness.

But the excavations at present carried on are mostly confined to a part of the town which seems to have been inhabited by the poorer classes. The ground-floor of the houses consists of mean shops, with an outer room entirely open to the street, and an inner, small and dark, in which the stores were probably kept.

These humble dwellings are, however, by no means devoid of interest. They afford us a curious insight into the manners and mode of life of the inhabitants of Pompeii. Many trades and crafts still well known to us were carried on in them. Some have their appropriate sign, such as we see over modern shops. A kind of eating-house was recently discovered. In the front room was the usual slab of white marble, upon which the smoking meats, and probably the stewed gourds, and suchlike delicacies, were exposed, as in Naples at this day. On it stood an earthen pipkin containing small fish, which had apparently been cooked in oil with raisins and onions, and had been ready to serve up when the sudden cloud gathered over the town. Let into a kind of brick dresser were deep basins of earthenware and metal, beneath which were small, open fireplaces to keep the soup and other messes warm. Upon it were lying the ladles which had been used to distribute the contents of the vessels. A rude iron tripod stood upon the floor, supporting an iron pot or kettle for boiling water; and in the

middle of the room was a portable iron cooking-stove, such as Soyer himself might have envied. Ranged against the walls were a number of deep bronze trays of various sizes, fitting one into the other. Such trays are still used in the East to serve up a meal. A few glass wine-jars were scattered over the floor, and one or two square panes of real window-glass, showing that the Romans were not ignorant of what, until recently, antiquaries declared to be a modern invention.* In the inner shop half a dozen earthen jars or amphoræ of various sizes stood upright against the wall. They had contained select wines, for which, no doubt, the host enjoyed a local reputation. Each bore its mark, and the name of the wine it held; some the year of the vintage fixed by the consular date. Thus, on one amphora we read "FRVT. T. CLAVDIO. IIII. L. VITELLIO. III. COS." The contents were consequently thirty-two years old when the town was overwhelmed, having been "bottled" in the fourth year of the consulate of Tiberius Claudius and the third of Lucius Vitellius, or A.D. 47.† One wine, from the island of Cos, is called "COVM. GRANATVM." The epithet "granatum" is supposed by Signor Fiorelli to indicate some peculiar flavor which was specially esteemed. It is noted that it was bought from the cellar of Aierius Felix at Rome,—no doubt a celebrated wine-merchant "of the period." Another jar is marked "KOR. OPT."—the very best Corecra; the island was well known for the produce of its grapes. One contained a wine which was evidently considered very choice: it is called "Old Luna," and we are informed that it was bought by one Cornelia out of the cellar of M. Valerius Abinnericus (a very Eastern-sounding name—perhaps he was a Jew), and had been kept four years in bottle.

LVN . VET
AIHTR
XIIII
M . VALERI . ABINNERICI

CORNELIA

The letter R may indicate that it was red. The number preceding the letter S may mark

* In one of the public baths a window with its frame and four panes of glass was discovered not long ago, and there are many such panes above eighteen inches square in the Naples Museum.

† Signor Fiorelli conjectures that "vinum frutum" may have been wine boiled or otherwise prepared, "vino cotto," in order to preserve it. All the amphoræ mentioned in the text were not found in one house.

the price paid for it, or the measure of the amphora. At the bottom of this inner room was a baking-oven. The mouth was still closed with an iron plate. On the floor beneath lay the iron shovel with which the loaves had been placed in the oven, and with which they were to be taken out when fit for use. When the iron door was removed, it was found that it had so completely closed the entrance that neither ashes nor mud had entered the oven, which was as it had been left by the baker after he had placed his loaves in it for baking eighteen hundred years ago. Within were the loaves themselves, eighty-three in number, black and charred, but still retaining their shape, that of a modern double loaf scored on the top. Scattered about the room were found olives, onions, beans, nuts, and the bones of fish. Near the oven were other bronze trays; and various vessels in metal were on the floor. Two large leaden tubs, in a corner of the room, had probably been used for slops and refuse. Squalid cook's shops, not unlike that discovered at Pompeii, are to be seen in many a back street of modern Naples.

At a short distance from this humble restaurant is a small mean house, opening by opposite doors into two narrow and secluded streets. Its character is sufficiently indicated by the sign placed over the entrances. It was a "lupaner." It consisted of two floors, the lower a nest of small rooms or rather closets, over the doors of which were obscene paintings; the upper more decently decorated. It had been previously rifled, and nothing was found in it, except the bronze bell which was hung up in such places, and a metal vessel filled with beans and onions, the dish which had been prepared for the frugal supper of the unhappy inmates of the place on the 24th of August, A. D. 79. The curious antiquary should not fail to visit this singular building. Judging from the inscriptions scratched upon the walls of the rooms, it was chiefly frequented by gladiators. These rude inscriptions are called "graffiti" by the Italians. Signor Fiorelli has published a valuable comment upon them. They are of considerable interest as illustrating the manners of the people, but are for the most part too coarse to be quoted. A lady, whose charms had made many victims, is appropriately and elegantly saluted as "Victrix victorum"—conqueress of the con-

querors. One inscription is a terrible record of the brutalizing effect of the scenes of the Amphitheatre upon the Roman character. A gladiator, apparently a rude country youth and new in his profession, and hence called "Puer rusticus,"* had slain his adversary, and had sought his mistress fresh from the bloody arena. He thus recorded his visit—"Victor cum Attine hic fuit. Africanus moritur . . . Condisces qui dolet pro Africano?" Africanus is dead—Prithee, who will mourn for Africanus?

Such "graffiti" are constantly found at Pompeii, and are amongst the most curious illustrations of the customs and every-day life of its inhabitants. In one street a school-boy has rudely scratched his Greek alphabet upon the wall of a house. We may conjecture that he was a very small boy, as his little hand could scarcely reach above three feet. Some idler has elsewhere scribbled part of the first verse of the *Æneid*, writing the words as they were probably pronounced in the dialect of the South of Italy,

"ALMA VILVMQVE CANO TLO . . ."[†]

On another wall may be traced a verse from "Ovid's Art of Love." These are the only fragments from any known classic authors which, as far as we know, have been discovered at Pompeii. On the wall of the Basilica itself some disappointed and spiteful lover has written what we trust was a scandalous libel upon a faithless mistress: "LYCILLA EX CORPORE LYCRVM FACIEBAT." On the wall of a room the mistress of the house or her cook had noted that on the 15th July she had laid in part of her household stock, two hundred pounds of "Axungia," which Signor Fiorelli conjectures to have been a kind of lard, and two hundred and fifty handfuls (manuplos) of garlic—not uncommon contents of a modern Italian larder. In many parts of the town we find sentences and words in Greek, Oscan, Etruscan, and other ancient characters. The great room of the baths, the Spoliatorium in which, as in the modern Eastern bath, the bather reposed and gossiped, is very rich in these "graffiti." In one may be detected, in ill-shaped Hebrew characters,

* Scratched on a wall in the barrack of the gladiators was "RVSTICE FELICITER," probably the same "Rusticus" who, with the good wishes of his companions, had proved successful in the arena.

[†] In another inscription we find *PARMAM FERET* for "palmam feret," showing that *r* and *l* were interchangeable letters.

the Jewish proper name of "Sirach." People of all nations, from the East and the West, congregated in these public places.

The inscriptions painted on the outer walls of many houses in black and red colors are not less interesting than the "graffiti." They refer chiefly to the periodical elections of the *Ædiles* and *Duumviri*, which were taking place at the time of the eruption. Each householder had a favorite candidate, and solicited the votes of the electors in earnest terms, painting his name and qualifications at the sides of the house-door after the fashion of our election placards. "I beg you," writes one, "to choose Capella for one of your *duumviri*." Another entreats his friends to vote for *Cneius Helvius*, "for he is worthy." Another declares that *Pansa*, who seems to have had many supporters, is "dignissimus." One *Popidius*, a youthful candidate, and, from the frequent occurrence of his name, evidently very popular, is pronounced "verecundum adolescentem"—a modest youth, and "egregium adolescentem." An elector asks *Proculus* to vote for *Sabinus*, promising that *Sabinus* shall vote for him in return. "SABINUM . AED . PROCULE . FAC . ET ILLE . TE . FACIET." Other inscriptions refer to the protection which the inhabitant of the house claimed as the client of some powerful patrician.

Amongst the several inns recently discovered, one has the sign of the elephant rudely painted on the pilaster which divides two doors. The animal is in the folds of a huge serpent, and is led by a pigmy. An inscribed tablet states that one *Sittius* had recently restored the tavern,—*SITTIVS RIISTITVIT ILLI-RANTV*. (for *elephantum*), and our host informs travellers that he has a *triclinium* with three beds and every comfort:—

HOSPITIVM . HIC . LOCATVR
TRICLINIVM . CVM . TRIBVS . LEC-
TIS . IIT . COMM . . .

Other inscriptions announce the performances of gladiators, and inform the public that there will be combats with wild beasts, and that the Amphitheatre, open to the sky, will be supplied with awnings,—"*VENATIO ET VELA ERUNT*."

Space will not permit us to dwell any longer upon many other new and interesting discoveries which have been made at Pompeii since the *Cavaliere Fiorelli* has directed

the excavations, but we must not omit to mention what he has done for the greater comfort and convenience of the traveller. Those who visited Pompeii in former days will not easily forget the swarms of hungry "custodi," or guardians, who infested the place, and pounced, like a spider upon an entangled fly, upon the helpless traveller. In every building of interest there lurked one of these plagues, who, keeping its treasures under lock and key, exacted his fee before he opened the door.

This curse of the sight-seer in Italy has been abolished. The ruins are now entered at two points,—by the Street of the Tombs, as formerly, and by the Gate leading to the forum, which is close to the railway-station, and to which a road has recently been cleared. The number of visitors is checked by a turnstile. Each pays an entrance-fee of two francs, and no further gratuity is required. A guide is then selected to conduct him through the ruins. A very intelligent class of men has been appointed to this office. The visitor further receives a printed plan or the excavations and a list of the principal buildings, those of peculiar interest being marked with a star, so that he may either examine all that is to be seen, or, if his time should be limited, may make the most of it. He is left, as much as possible, to himself. It is expected that a sense of propriety will restrain him from injuring any of the monuments, and from indulging in the low habit of writing his name upon the walls. Signor *Fiorelli* has devised a method of bringing to shame those who are guilty of this breach of good manners. He has ordered the names thus written to be published weekly in the *Naples paper* which has the largest circulation. He has been requested to furnish a list of those of our own countrymen, that they may be similarly exposed to public reprobation at home. Notices in several languages are placed at the entrances and in different parts of the ruins, calling upon visitors not to give gratuities, and threatening with instant dismissal those who venture to receive them. And these rules are rigorously enforced, and have already had a salutary effect upon this formerly demoralized race of Italian custodi. A bright-eyed, smiling boy, who had been employed for a whole day in carrying the drawing materials of a sketcher and in performing various little ser-

vices with that singular quickness and intelligence which distinguish the Italian peasant, resolutely refused the "buonamano" to which, it was believed, he was fully entitled for his extra work; and this instance of his virtue was the more remarkable as no superintendent was near. It is impossible to overrate the effect that these seemingly trifling rules—now enforced in all the public institutions in Naples—will have upon the character of the people. Where but a short time ago there was everywhere corruption, from the throne to the beggar,—where every public officer, from the highest to the lowest, lived upon the bribes which he exacted,—this attempt to inculcate principles of honesty deserves the highest praise and should meet with every encouragement.

The illiberal and foolish rule which formerly prevented a stranger from making the slightest sketch of the ruins or of any object discovered in them, and even from taking a few hurried notes, has now been abolished. Every one, under necessary regulations, may draw, describe, and publish as he thinks fit. A small museum has been opened at Pompeii to contain such objects as may specially serve to illustrate the ruins and the manners and mode of life of the former inhabitants; and a collection of the remains of various animals,—such as dogs, horses, goats, tortoises, and a sucking-pig still in the baking-pan,—and of various edible objects, adds much to its interest. In addition, Signor Fiorelli has established a library, which is destined to contain a complete collection of works on Pompeii and of such as illustrate the arts and manners of the ancients. The student of archaeology and history, as well as the mere tourist, may thus spend many profitable and pleasant hours amongst the ruins.

The nomenclature of the houses and streets has been changed. Formerly, the principal buildings were named after some distinguished person who may have been present when they were discovered. There was the House of the Queen of England, the House of the Grand Duke, etc. Signor Fiorelli has endeavored, by consulting the inscriptions painted on the walls, and from other sources, such as seals and relics found in the ruins of the house itself, to restore to it the name of the owner. When this cannot be done, the house is numbered, and the occupation of the owner is noted: we have, for instance, the house and

shop of the dyer, in which his pans with the remains of the dye in them are still seen, of the baker, of the colorman, of the jeweller, the eating-house, the inn, etc.

Many important statues and other objects, such as furniture, which have been taken to the Museum at Naples, have been replaced by plaster casts, so that their original site and the use for which they served may be understood.

We must not conclude without alluding to the magnificent work on the ruins of Pompeii, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, now in course of publication by Signor Niccolini, the Secretary to the Royal Museum, and the son of the original editor of the "Musco Borbonico." Thirty-three numbers, forming half of the entire work, have already been issued. Colored lithographic plates represent with great fidelity, and in the most pleasing form, the paintings, architectural decorations, statues, and various objects in glass, metal, marble, and other materials, discovered in the principal buildings. Each house and its contents are separately illustrated. The plates are mostly executed from the faithful and spirited drawings of Signor Abbate, an artist of great merit and experience, well known in this country from his admirable restoration of a Pompeian house in the Crystal Palace.

This work will furnish a much better idea than any yet published of the extreme beauty and elegance of the houses of the richer classes in a Roman city. There is no doubt much at Pompeii opposed to the purest taste, as shown in remains of the best period of classic art. The ornamentation is sometimes coarse in execution, inharmonious in color, wanting in purity of design, defective in drawing, and perhaps ill calculated for interior decoration. But at other times it is of a very high character, and singularly pleasing and effective. It must be remembered that after all Pompeii was but an unimportant provincial town, in which probably there was no school of art of any merit, and where the common workman sought to imitate, to the best of his means, the skilled and highly trained artists of Rome, or to copy and reproduce those remains of more ancient art which had even in those days been accepted as the standards of the highest taste and perfection. It is probable that the paintings on the walls of the houses of Pompeii,

like the mosaic pictures of the pavements, are for the most part copies from well-known Greek or Roman works which were esteemed by the refined and cultivated citizens of Imperial Rome as masterpieces of art. This is especially so with regard to those beautiful groups of figures representing familiar subjects taken from the Homeric poems and from the classic writers of Greece. However, to some of the frescoes discovered the ancients themselves must have attached considerable value; for we find an instance of one representing Bacchus and Silenus, which had been very carefully removed from another site and so neatly fitted into the wall with iron cramps and cement that it was almost impossible to detect that it did not originally form part of it. The subjects are limited in number, generally Bacchus and Ariadne, with groups of fauns and nymphs, Hermaphroditus with Silenus, Bacchantes and Satyrs, Hercules and Omphale surrounded by Cupids, who are sporting with his club and shield, Achilles discovered by Ulysses amidst the maidens of Lycomedes, Orestes and Pylades, Thetis obtaining from Vulcan the arms of Achilles, etc. The treatment is singularly simple, the disposition of the figures reminding us of a bas-relief, and conveying the impression of having been suggested by a sculptured frieze. The execution is almost always inferior to what the Germans call the "motive"—that is, the attempt to tell the story by the general composition, and the attitude and expression of each person represented; this is a sufficient proof to the practised eye that the work is a copy, or that the painting has been made up with figures or groups taken from other pictures. Even in technical execution, however, many of these paintings have no ordinary merit. There is a richness and glow in the color, a subtle gradation in the flesh tints, a rich and voluptuous harmony of tone, and a vigorous outline, which remind us of the finest productions of the Venetian school, and especially of Giorgione. In violent and picturesque contrasts of light and shade they are wanting. No attempt is made to produce those striking and exaggerated effects of chiaro-oscuro which distinguish the Italian and Dutch schools of the seventeenth century. Everything is represented in the broad glare of day, and is beaming with sunlight. The colors have faded after a lapse of eighteen

hundred years, but when the soil which covers a painting is first removed, they are still bright and luminous, and produce a magical effect in the clear Italian atmosphere. Some have changed completely after long exposure to the air,* and this must be borne in mind in examining the paintings detached from the walls and preserved in the Naples Museum. The details of the decoration of the rooms are frequently marked by the greatest elegance of outline, and the most exquisite harmony of color, as in the dancing fauns and nymphs, set in borders of beautiful design, or introduced into landscapes and architectural scenes, and the wanton Cupids sporting amidst festoons of fruit and flowers. This graceful ornamentation was in harmony with the furniture of the room and the rich hangings, and must have produced the most pleasing effect. But if the dwelling of a country gentleman at Pompeii was such as we have described, what must have been the magnificence and luxury of that of the proud and wealthy patrician in the capital itself?

It has been the fashion of late years to underrate the style of decoration employed in the private dwellings of Pompeii. There is much in it which might, in our opinion, be advantageously introduced into our own domestic architecture. It is true that at the beginning of this century, when an affectation of classic taste prevailed in Europe, the experiment was tried and failed. But the reason was obvious. Too much was attempted. The true principles of application were misunderstood. The walls were overladen with color and gilding, and comfort and utility were sacrificed to classic forms. Furniture, fire-irons, teapots, and the various objects of daily domestic use, made after the manner of the ancients, could scarcely be turned to their legitimate purposes, however well adapted they may have been to the sacrifices and ceremonies of a Greek or Roman temple. Chairs and sofas strictly made upon the model of the sella curulis, and the bronze bisellium, might have been comfortable in the forum, but were execrable in the drawing-room. We were at last fairly driven out of the classic mood. We could neither eat, drink, nor sit in comfort. As things are rarely done by

* See, for example, Gell's account of the change of color which had taken place in parts of the beautiful picture of Leda presenting her infant progeny to Tyndareus.—Vol. i. 2d series, p. 173.]

halves with us, we rushed into the other extreme, and hailed the Gothic regeneration. We have not gained much. The narrow seat and knobby back of a Gothic chair are not more pleasant to our persons than the ancient sedilia. Nor have we derived much advantage, as far as our comfort is concerned, from the ponderous furniture and the terrible domestic instruments which distinguish the Gothic dwelling, constructed on unexceptionable authority after the true fashion of our ancestors. Neither has our national taste been improved by the hideous deformities in the shape of human and bestial monsters which inhabit our modern mediæval buildings. We shudder as we think of the Houses of Parliament, where honest Joe Hume plaintively protested, in the name of the expectant mothers of England, against the monstrous shapes which peep at the windows and sprawl over the walls.

But to return to Pompeii. The simplest style of ornamentation of the Pompeian house—the border of graceful patterns in stucco, or painted, running round the room, or forming panels; the enframing lines of bright and well-selected colors; pictures, and especially those in water-colors, not hung with tarnished wire, or a dirty cord, but let into the wall, and forming, as it were, part of it; the walls themselves of stucco, hard and polished as marble, cream-colored, or of some other grateful tint—forms neither a very expensive nor a very elaborate style of interior decoration. We have seen the experiment tried with complete success in English houses of no great pretensions. It can be carried out at not much greater cost than is frequently expended on a vulgar *papier-mâché* cornice and paper-hangings, the meanest and most perishable covering for a wall that was ever devised. Imagine what the ruins of Pompeii would have been, had the houses been lined with our fashionable papers! We may form some idea of the effect they would have produced by contemplating a modern dwelling which has been deserted for a few months, with its shabby walls hung with tattered strips of tawdry hangings.

Nothing conveys a loftier conception of the grandeur, might, wealth, and civilization of the Roman Empire at its most flourishing period than the remains of its provincial towns, and especially of its colonial cities. It is not the public edifices of Rome herself, unequalled as they are for vastness and magnificence, which impress us most with her former power. They are such monuments as we might expect from those who peopled the capital of the world. But it is the third or fourth class towns, such as Pompeii, with its two theatres, its amphitheatre, its temples, its basilica, and its forum, all upon a scale of singular

splendor, adorned with hundreds of statues in bronze and marble, with exquisite paintings, and with the most precious marbles; it is the distant colonial cities of Palmyra, Philadelphia, Gerasa, and others whose names are almost unknown to history, with their long avenues of graceful columns, their shrines of marble carved with an unrivalled luxury and richness of detail, their stupendous granaries of hewn stone, and their vast edifices directed to political and religious purposes, or to public amusements,—now rising in solitary grandeur amidst the wastes of the Syrian desert,—that fill our minds with wonder, and enable us to form some conception of the greatness and power of that mighty people.

Of these great colonial cities but the principal bones, as it were, have been preserved to us. We must restore them to the mind's eye as the geologist does the primeval monster from a few scattered remains found in the hardened rock. Fortunately, however, Pompeii furnishes us to a certain extent with the means of doing so. There we have more than the mere skeleton; we have such traces of the flesh and muscles as will enable us to build up the living form, and to obtain some insight into the manners, habits, and daily life of that great Roman people. And there is still much to be done, and much to be discovered. But one-third of the town has yet been exposed to view. Twenty years must elapse, if the works are carried on as they now are,* before the whole is uncovered. It is impossible to conjecture what additions may be made to the treasures already discovered. It is true that the most important edifices, and consequently the more wealthy quarters of the town, have been explored; but there still remain a vast number of private dwellings which are in many respects even more interesting than the public buildings, because not found elsewhere, and likely, under the skilful direction of Signor Fiorelli, to furnish us with new and most reliable particulars relating to the domestic life of the Romans.†

We are thus indebted to Vesuvius for the preservation of the most perfect monument of the ancient world. The terrible mountain whilst it destroyed has also saved Pompeii; and when the shroud of lava-mud and ashes shall have been altogether raised from it, the traveller will gaze upon the almost perfect form of a Roman city.

* During the winter months about five hundred men, women, and boys are employed in the excavation; during the summer, owing to the unhealthiness of the place, only fifty.

† The most recent discovery is that of the entire skeletons of two horses, which had taken refuge in the porter's lodge of a very elegant mansion, leaving the car to which they had been attached in the court.

THE MIST ON THE MOOR.

There's a cottage on Conistoun Moor to the West,

And a wife sits sewing and singing there ;
And she rocks her babe in its cradle to rest
With lullaby words to a lullaby air.

"While baby is young, she shall slumber and sleep,

And soft dreams alone around baby shall fall :
When baby is older, she'll watch and she'll weep ;

For to her cares will come, as they come to us all."

There's a footstep comes nearing the lone cottage-door ;

That step to the wife is the welcomest sound ;
And scarce has he crossed o'er his threshold before

Two arms round the forester's neck are wound.

"Oh, Harry, your brow is hot and dry !
And, oh, sweetheart, but your hands are cold !
A driving rain and a starless sky
Make a dull, dull night on the lonely wold.

"But change your hose that is dripping and wet ;

And a glass of good ale, sweet and warm,
Will make, I warrant, my Harry forget
The starless sky and the driving storm."

He has sat him down by the ingle-nook ;

He has drank his glass of sweet, warm ale ;

"But why has my husband so eerie a look ?
And why are his cheeks so wan and pale ?"

"Oh, dark may the night be, and lonely the wold ;

And a man may be weary, and wet to the skin ;

But it needs more, wife, than the wind and the cold

To quell the heart of a man within.

"But sit thee, dearest, down at my feet,

And rest thy bonnie face here on my knee ;
And I'll tell thee what's making my heart to beat ;

What's making the red from my cheek to flee.

"I had left the road to save me an hour,

And struck up the brae to the moor instead ;
But scarce had I reached old Conistoun tower
When the sky broke in thunder and rain overhead.

"And the forked lightning, blinding and blue,
Made the far-away peaks of the hills appear
As jagged and black and plain to view
As at summer-noon when the sky is clear.

"I stood by the wall, till the storm went by,
On the side that looks down over Thornton-moss ;

And over the marsh-land a mist rose high,
And I watched it come trailing and trailing across.

"The mist was gray in the dim twilight ;
But the nearer it came, the blacker it grew ;
And I saw in its folds a terrible sight,
As plain with these eyes as I now see you.

"There was Croft, the miller, and Farmer Brown ;

The squire's young boy, and Keeper John ;
Your father and brothers from Appleby town,
And the Bensons of Croft Fell, father and son.

"There was Cousin Will, that went over the sea
Three summers ago—how comes he here ?
And Ned, that has never crossed hands with me,
Since high words passed last May was a year.

"I scanned them all from top to toe ;
I counted them over from end to end :
There was every kinsman whose face I know,
And every neighbor that calls me friend.

"And one by one they passed me by,
Dreamlike, as still as still could be,
With a look of wonder in every eye ;
And every eye was turned on me.

"Ay, one by one they passed me by,
Shadowy, dreamlike ; and last of them all
Came a black-palled coffin, borne shoulder high ;
Had I stretched out my hand, I had touched the pall.

"And a creeping shiver all over me ran ;
And I thought of my bairnie, and thought of thee ;
For my friends and my kin were there, every man—
So that coffin, sweet wifey, was meant for me !"

You may hear her heart beat in the still midnight ;

You may see the big tear on each pale cheek ;
She is clasping his hands in her own tight, tight ;

And she stares in his eyes ; but she cannot speak.

"Hist ! there's a noise at the window—hark !
A mocking laugh, or a cry of pain !
Let me open the door, and peer into the dark :
Hush, wife ! listen : I hear it again !"

Wistfully into the night they peer ;
The wind sighs shrill through a drizzling rain :
There's a wife will be weeping ere long, I fear,
By a coffin of deal-wood, neat and plain.

D'ARCY W. THOMPSON.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

PART VI.—CHAPTER XV.
THE "CARTE DE TENDRE."

THAT gathering at the Friary for archaeological purposes, which were so little served by it, was a memorable one to several of the persons who had been present at it.

It was very memorable to little Dinah Wilkins, the child who had so nearly come to grief on the Nosey Stone, and whose indiscretion in straying thither had produced—as indiscretions will—so much trouble, and so many consequences, to people with whom it would have seemed that she and her indiscretions could have had so little to do. She turned out to be a granddaughter of old Granny Wilkins, at Weston, Lady Farnleigh's old pensioner, very well known to that lady and to Kate, and a still greater object of interest therefore to the latter, as soon as, in the progress of that heroic descent of the face of the cliff, she had got near enough to her to recognize her. It was a memorable day to little Dinah Wilkins, not only from the fright, the danger, the minutes of mortal anguish—hours they had seemed to her—during which she had been expecting to slip from her precarious position, and be dashed to instant death, every moment; not only from the incidents of that wonderful rescue by the exertions of the gentlefolks, the history of which, and the interest attending it, made the cottage of old Granny Wilkins a centre of attraction to half Weston for days afterward; but memorable also from the permanent influence the circumstances exercised in shaping the future course and destinies of the child's after-life, in a manner which may, perhaps, be told in a future chapter—or which possibly may not find any place for telling in the course of this narrative, seeing that, though they were curiously mixed up with the subsequent history of several of our *dramatis persone*, they are not essentially necessary to the understanding of the main thread of the narrative.

The archaeological meeting *manqué* was also a memorable day to Arthur Merriton. The incidents of it acquired for him a place in the Sillshire social world and in Sillshire opinion, which the peculiarities of his character and position might otherwise perhaps have been slow to win for him. Captain Ellingham perceived and said that he was "a fellow of the right sort!" Mr. Mat declared that he had the true stuff and the

making of a Sillshire man in him. Lady Farnleigh said it was a great mistake to suppose that real manliness of character, and all the best qualities generally included in the term, were only to be found allied with one class of idiosyncrasies and one set of habits and pursuits, or were incompatible with nervous shyness and dreaminess of manner and mind. And she unreservedly admitted to Kate that this second admirer of hers was not a prig, nor anything describable by any such obnoxious four letters. And the good opinion of Lady Farnleigh and Mr. Mat, operating both separately in different spheres, and also with mutually corroborating force in the same sphere, could go a long way toward making a good position for a man in Silverton and its neighborhood. But what was the use of being recognized to be a fellow of the right sort, and to have the true stuff in him, to a man who, for his own part, recognized only this,—that he was desperately in love, and that there was very little or no hope for him. And that was the frame of mind in which Arthur Merriton had walked down from the top of the Weston Cliff to his own beautiful house at the foot of it, with the gardener and little Dinah Wilkins following behind him, and Kate Lindisfarn and Captain Ellingham, arm in arm, in front.

It was characteristic of the man, that he perceived at once, or imagined that he perceived, that his case was hopeless. Many a man would not have admitted for himself, or judged for another that it was, or ought to have been so. All that large and potent class of considerations, which have so great and often so paramount a share in managing Hymen's affairs, and which make Dan Cupid laugh at his business-like brother Godship for always going about with a parchment deed under his arm, and a pen stuck behind his ear—all considerations of that sort were entirely in Merriton's favor. Of course his eyes were opened as to Falconer's business at the Chase, and his chances of winning the hand of Kate Lindisfarn. But this view of misery had only dissolved itself to make way for the appearance of a succeeding view, as terrible, and more substantial. Ellingham was evidently the rival he had to fear. Old Mr. Falconer might talk and nod and smile meaningly to the end of time if he pleased; but after that arrival at the top of the cliff

together, with Dinah Wilkins in their joint charge, and that walking down into the valley arm in arm, as they returned from their joint exploit, Arthur Merriton judged it to be a hopeless case. He knew that Ellingham was a very poor man; that Miss Lindisfarn was an heiress of no small mark and position; that his own status in the matter of fortune was such as in the opinion of a prudent father might justify him in pretending to her hand. He knew—I suppose—that he was a very good-looking fellow. Many girls—young ones chiefly of the sentimental sort, who admire “sallow, sublime sort of Werther-faced” men—would have considered him a much handsomer man than Captain Ellingham. He was well educated, cultivated, gentlemanlike, and could read Dante with Kate, which Captain Ellingham could not. And Kate liked reading Dante, and that sort of thing, too. But Merriton judged all this to be of no avail; and deemed his love hopeless. “Faint heart never won fair lady!” says the proverb—half-true, keeping its promise to the ear and breaking it to the sense like a Sibylline oracle, as is the wont of such utterances of the wisdom of ages. I think I have seen the faint heart win, when the confident one was nowhere! But it all depends on what it is that is to be won. You may catch gudgeons with bait that wont do for trout. Fred Falconer in Merriton’s place would not have deemed the matter hopeless, nor have given up the game. But if Ellingham had been at the bottom of the sea—having reached that destination, it is to be understood, before, not after, that memorable archaeological party—I think the fainter heart would have had the better chance of winning the fair lady.

Arthur Merriton, however, being Arthur Merriton and not Frederick Falconer, did feel, as he walked down behind Kate and Ellingham, that it was a hopeless case; and, it may be feared, did not feel in a particularly affectionate frame of mind toward little Dinah Wilkins whom he had toiled so hard to preserve.

To Captain Ellingham the day was an especially memorable day. It is more than forty years ago, and the gallant captain was on the wrong side of thirty at the time; but he has not forgotten that day, not any smallest detail of the incidents of it, yet! To him also it was a day of a great unsealing

of the eyes. If his destiny had been so malignant as to have accorded him at once his heart’s desire, and thrown the lovely Margaret, the “most beautiful creature he had ever seen in his life,” into his arms as soon as his eye had fallen in love with her! If there had been no fairy godmother to tell him that he was a goose, and knew nothing about the matter, and he had been allowed to follow his own blind fancies—to think of the wreck! But what about the matter as it stood now? As to the two girls—“Lombard street to a China orange!” as people used to say in those days. There could be no doubt about it, as he saw the matter now, that Kate was not only, as Lady Farnleigh declared she was, the finer girl of the two, by daylight, but the noblest-hearted, the bravest—(it is a mistake, *voyez vous, Mesdames*, to suppose that any man, except one whose weakness inclines him to mate with something weaker still, admires a woman for being cowardly; so you may as well dispense with all those little tricks and prettinesses, the scope of which is to make it evident that your nerves are not equal to meeting a mouse in single combat)—the truest—he would have said the jolliest, but that the vigor and aptitude of that expression as applied to a young lady, had not been discovered by that backward and slow generation—the best, the dearest girl in all creation. That was a fact never more to be disputed or doubted, clear as the sun at noonday.

But what then? How did that very evident fact—evident to others as well as to him, unfortunately—interest him? Was it to be supposed that the co-heiress to the Lindisfarn estates would be permitted to marry a man, who, despite the noble blood in his veins, and the aristocratic prefix to his name, was absolutely dependent for his bread on a profession, which had hitherto afforded him so little of that necessary article? That animal Falconer, who had been intimate with them all his life, was, as far as fortune went, in a position to calculate on the approbation of the lady’s family. There might be a hope, perhaps indeed a lurking conviction, at the bottom of his heart, that Kate was not the girl to give her heart to such a man as Mr. Frederick Falconer. But then there was Merriton; a gentleman, a real good fellow, a man of fortune, a much better looking fellow, as Captain Ellingham reflected again and again, than he was, far more calculated

by his education and pursuits to adapt himself to one side of Kate's character and tastes; and it was plain to see that he was desperately smitten with her. Captain Ellingham went over all these considerations carefully and dispassionately, as he thought, while he sat the following night, long after he ought to have turned into his cot, by the light of a smoky lamp, in the not very magnificent cabin of His Majesty's revenue cutter, the *Petrel*. And he, too, though few braver or bolder men stepped a deck in the English navy, was faint-hearted in this matter of winning an heiress.

In fact, if an elderly gentleman *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*—which means, "who has observed the loves and the love-making of many men and women"—might have the pleasant privilege of whispering a word of counsel in a transparent pink little ear, he would say, "Give that faint-hearted-and-fair-lady proverb the lie; and of two aspirants, incline rather, *ceteris paribus* (which, being translated, means, supposing both of them to possess a similar number of thousands a year, and an equally heroic outline of face), to give the preference to the faint-hearted over the confident-hearted swain."

Captain Ellingham *was*, as has been said, faint-hearted in this matter, and dared not allow himself to believe that Kate Lindisfarn, so beautiful, so much admired, so gay, so light-hearted, so fancy-free, with every right to look forward to a brilliant position in life, could be brought to think for an instant of *him*, a rough sailor, hardly a young man in the eyes of a girl in her teens, with a rough brown face, tanned and bronzed and hardened by exposure to wind and weather; at odds with fortune, too, and not the better fitted for shining in drawing-rooms, or winning the ear of youth and beauty, by the discipline of his long tussle with that fickle jade. Pooh, pooh! what had he to do with falling in love with heiresses in their teens? *That* was his proper place (namely, the sufficiently dull and dreary-looking cabin of his cutter), and his profession the only mistress he should think of wooing.

And Kate? Was the day of the archaeological visit to the Friary a memorable one to her also? Fancy-free, Captain Ellingham had called her, in his mental survey of all the conditions of the case that made up his

hopelessness. *Was* she so wholly fancy-free? The amount and extent of fancy captivity which could be predicated of her in the case of Fred Falconer has been explained, with, it is hoped, sufficient care to avoid representing it to have been more than it really was. But how about it *now*? That day of archaeological investigation, if it had eventually failed to finally settle the great question of the date of the Friary washhouse, had, nevertheless, done much toward the investigation of some other things. It had been a great day for the unsealing of blinded eyes. Several persons saw several things clearly which they had never seen before. And I think we may say that thenceforward Kate was fancy-free as regarded Freddy Falconer. He had both done and left undone much which had contributed to this result. And Kate was safely enough off with the old—no, I must not say that. The cautious old proverb does not hit the case. Besides, it would insinuate what I have no right to insinuate at this stage of Kate's history.

Still all this beating about the bush does not answer the question whether Kate Lindisfarn was fancy-free from and after that day at the Friary?

Well! It is so difficult to be categorical in such matters. Merriton, who walked behind her and Ellingham, as they returned from the top of the cliff, had a strong opinion upon the subject. I am sure he would have boxed his own ears rather than have suffered them to catch a word of conversation that was not intended for them. Yet he *did* form a very strong opinion. But then, on the other hand, he was very far from being an impartial observer. It is certain that Kate was remarkably and, for her, singularly silent and abstracted as they returned in the carriage to the Chase; for Mr. Mat told Lady Farnleigh afterward that, finding that Kate would not talk, and not feeling any inclination to talk with Margaret, with whom he had been not a little disgusted in the course of the day, he had pretended to go to sleep, but had remained quite awake to the fact that hardly a word passed between the sisters on their way home.

And then again, judging from the sequel, if it did not date from that day, we know that it was there soon after.

What was where?

Pshaw! You know what I mean. There

is no doubt that she was fond of him during that ensuing winter, I suppose.

Ah! but in these heart histories chronology is everything. Let us be chronological, whatever we are. Was Kate Lindisfarn fancy-free when, having assisted Ellingham in getting little Dinah Wilkins to the top of the cliff, and being assisted by him in getting herself up, and having exchanged congratulations, etc., and panted in unison when the top was reached, and having walked down by the steep path arm in arm back again to the Friary, and having, with all due mutual self-denegations, and "No! it was you, who," and "Don't you remember?" and so forth, shared between them the applause and hero-worship of the rest of the party during the remainder of the evening, they separated with not unmeaning touch of palm to palm at parting—was Kate fancy-free then, I say? That is the question.

Well, we know what girls are. It has been said, "Tell me who your friends are, and I will tell you what you are." And it might with quite as much truth be said, Tell me whom a girl falls in love with, and I will tell you what she is; or, *vice versa*, Tell me what she is, and I will tell you with whom she is likely to fall in love. A pleasing exterior, a handsome face, and well-formed person, are naturally, and in accordance with superior arrangements, the wisdom of which we cannot and may not question, potent conciliators and attracters of woman's love. But there is no more significant symptom of the high level of moral character and nobility of heart prevailing among Englishwomen than the all but universality of the sentiment which makes an absence of these advantages, if compensated by a touch of heroism, more acceptable to them than any perfection of personal attraction in combination with a manifest deficiency of all heroism.

The quick sudden heart-beat; the violent ebb of the blood, which left the cheek deadly pale, to be succeeded in the next instant by a rush of the rich color to face and brow and neck; the mixture of exulting pleasure with the short, sharp agony of terror, which had caused Kate to shade her eyes with her hand, at the moment that Ellingham had made his desperate leap from the ladder to the bush on the cliff face beside her,—all this told of a sympathy between their two natures deeper and far more powerful than any such mere

liking and inclination as might have been produced by the ball-room wooing of the most faultless of Hyperions. And if exactitude of chronology in the matter of the birth of young love in this case be insisted on, my impression is that the register may, with the greatest chance of absolute accuracy, date from the moment when Captain Ellingham alighted in the bushes from that perilous jump.

Just as if any fellow would not jump into any bush for such a prize!

Yes, my ingenuous young British friends! There are plenty of you who would, and some who get the chance, and do such things. And a discriminating and appreciating public in crinoline and pork-pie hats does accordingly adore those of you who do them, and generously give credit for good intentions to those of you who don't get the chance of doing them. But somehow or other that—one would say upon the whole, perhaps, not specially profound—pork-pie-hatted public does, mark you, contrive most astonishingly to nose the hollow pretences of those few among you who, having the chance, would do nothing of the kind.

And then the party at Wanstraw came off. And Margaret had to be asked by the hostess in a clear and ringing voice, before all the assembled party, whether she had entirely recovered from her indisposition at the Friary. And Freddy had to be complimented as audibly upon the admirable skill and tact he had shown in managing and tending symptoms, which the habits and ways of the Silvertown young ladies—doubtless by reason of the fine Silshire air and climate—had probably never given him any opportunity of studying.

Lady Farnleigh took very good care upon this occasion that Ellingham should have Kate for his neighbor at dinner; and his inquiries about little Dinah Wilkins, and Kate's replies and her report of all the gratitude and the wonder and the blessings which she was charged to convey to him from old Dame Wilkins, and from the child's mother, made them feel like old friends, who had a variety of subjects in common between them. And then the sailing party had to be talked over. And Captain Ellingham explained that it was not so much the quantity as the quality of the wind that might make the excursion disagreeable to ladies. And he inquired how far

Kate would choose to brave the chance of a ducking, as the cutter was apt, under certain conditions, to be wet.

"As for being afraid of anything a capful of wind is likely to bring you, that I know I need not suspect you of, Miss Lindisfarn," said he; "but you may not like to get wet through with salt water. And what about the others?"

"Oh, Margaret will be ready whenever you give the word. I don't think she would mind a capful of wind, as you call it. Why do sailors always talk of caps full of wind?"

"I cannot tell what the origin of the term may have been; a corruption from some very different word, perhaps. But it is curious how nearly definite a quantity it signifies in nautical language."

"And what amount of trouble would a capful of wind give the *Petrel*?" asked Kate.

"Oh! no trouble at all, except to cause the helmsman a little extra vigilance and activity. The *Petrel* is a capital sea boat; but she is what we call lively, apt to jump about a good deal, and wet her decks when there is any sea; and that, you know, would not be pleasant for ladies."

"But then it comes pretty nearly to waiting for a calm; and there would be no fun in that. I should so much better like to make acquaintance with your pet *Petrel* when she is in one of her lively moods. What signifies a little wetting? One does not catch cold with salt water, they say; and we should come home and get dry."

"But you forget, Miss Lindisfarn, that I cannot answer for the movements of my *Petrel* with the certainty you can count on Birdie. We may go out with a wind and not be able to return quite so soon as we expect. I strongly recommend, especially if we are to take a windy day, that everybody should take a change of clothes with them."

"Yes, that would be the plan! And if we got kept out all night, what capital fun it would be! Do, pray, Captain Ellingham, let us choose a day when there is a capful of wind. I should so like to see the *Petrel* lively."

"Well, if Lady Farnleigh will consent, I have no objection. Only remember that wind is one of those good things that you may have too much of."

"Oh, what a very cautious and prudent man you are!"

"That is a high compliment to a sailor. Pray make that opinion known to my Lords of the Admiralty."

And Lady Farnleigh's consent was obtained for the selection of a day, when, if possible, without having too much of a good thing, the *Petrel* should be seen in one of her livelier moods. And the proposed excursion came off accordingly. And the *Petrel* retained sufficient discretion amid her liveliness to bring them all back to port before nightfall, although rather in a bedraggled condition, as Captain Ellingham had predicted. And Kate had rendered him more desperately in love with her than ever by the intoxication of high spirits with which she had enjoyed her sail. She declared that it was glorious, and she was almost inclined to think even better than being on Birdie, when she was at her liveliest.

And thus—sometimes in one way, and sometimes in another, sometimes at Lindisfarn, sometimes at Wanstrow, sometimes at the Friary, and once or twice in Silverton—all the members of the little circle with whom the reader has been made acquainted saw a good deal of each other during the remainder of the autumn months, and through the winter. But as the only net result of all this was to render more definite, clear, and palpable to themselves and to the friends around them those relations of the parties to each other which were foreshadowed by the previous intercourse between them, and which the judicious reader has already distinguished spinning themselves out of the filaments of fate in the *chiaro-oscuro* of the future, it will not be necessary to follow with historical accuracy all the pleasant processes of this destiny-spinning.

It will be sufficient for our purpose to present a brief and succinct, but accurate, report of the state of the warp and woof which had been produced, by the time when the birds begin to sing, by all the sailing and riding and walking and talking and dancing and laughing and pleasant intercourse of all kinds which go to the spinning of fate's filaments in this department of human affairs.

Frederick Falconer, like a sensible and businesslike man, who, when he has made a resolution, acts up to it, had consistently carried out the programme he had drawn up for himself. Forsaking all others, he had steadily set himself to the work of winning Margaret

Lindisfarn. And that work had to all appearance progressed satisfactorily, not only to the principals themselves, but to the lookers-on at the game. We have obtained a sufficient peep into the sanctuary of Kate's heart to assure us that her whilom admirer's far more declared and evident homage to her sister awakened no shadow of jealousy or pain there. Lady Farnleigh's declaration that Freddy Falconer might make love to any girl in the county, for aught she cared, provided he did not do so to her goddaughter, seemed to include her goddaughter's sister in its license. The young gentleman stood well, as has been said, in the Silvertown public estimation; the old banker was well known to be a very warm man; and there appeared to be no reasons of any sort why Miss Lindisfarn's family should not consider that his only son was a very proper match in all respects for one of the co-heiresses. Mr. Frederick's own sentiments on the matter we are already in possession of. As to those of Margaret a greater degree of reticence and more reserve are proper in handling the delicate topic of a young lady's feelings upon such a subject. Nevertheless, perhaps the judicious reader may have acquired a sufficient insight into Miss Margaret's idiosyncrasy to enable him to estimate pretty accurately the state of her feelings and the nature of her views. There can be no harm in saying that she really did like Frederick very much. She thought him very agreeable and very handsome. But it will of course be understood—at least by those who are conversant with the system on which Margaret had been educated, and with the results of it on the development of docile and well-disposed pupils—that it would have appeared to her the height of unworthiness, and even of indecency, to permit such feelings and considerations to stand in the way of her transferring her affections to a worthier object,—say a wealthy peer of the realm, or a commoner with a hundred thousand a year,—should such a one present himself before the final adjudication of the prize.

As to Kate—what can be said? The subject is a less pleasing one, both for the voracious historian to set forth, and for the well-regulated mind of the reader to contemplate. A right-minded heroine, who has any claim to the title, and behaves herself as such, never allows herself, as we all know, to feel the slightest preference for any individual of the

other sex until she has received a declaration of love and demand for her hand in due form. Then and thereupon, she may, if she think fit, forthwith feel and acknowledge the tender passion in any degree of intensity. The "popping of the question" is supposed to act, in short, like the opening of an Artesian well, through which, when it has once reached the secret reservoir of the still waters, hidden from every eye, deep, deep away below the surface, they rush forth with impetuosity and in the most copious abundance. Till that last bit of the lover's work has been accomplished, no sign of the living water rewards his toil. This is the true and correct theory of love, as practised and understood by the most authorized heroines.

But poor Kate's education had not, unhappily, been such as efficiently to prepare her for the vocation. She was impetuous, we know. She was apt to permit the consciousness of a pure and guileless heart to hurry her into a practice of following its dictates, without waiting to compare them, as she should have done, with the text of the laws made and provided for the regulation of a heroine's sentiments.

In short,—for the truth must come out, sooner or later,—by the time the spring came, Kate was thoroughly in love with Captain Ellingham, though he had said no word of love to her. Not but that she had kept her own secret so well that he had no suspicion of it; whereas he had by no means been equally successful in keeping his. Women are more lynx-eyed in these matters than men. Though she would not allow it even to her own self in the secrecy of her maiden meditations, at the bottom of her heart there was a consciousness and a persevering little voice that would not be silenced, which told her she was loved.

And she was happy with a very perfect happiness in the consciousness of it, although he had spoken no word, and although she was perfectly aware of the bearings of that businesslike aspect of the matter, which to him seemed a well-nigh insuperable barrier between them. She knew perfectly well her own position and the value of it. She knew his position; and felt upon the subject as a loving woman in such circumstances does feel. Nor did she conceive that there was any great difficulty to be overcome in the matter. She had no doubt that it would all come right.

Was there not the fairy godmother, who saw it all, of course, though she said nothing, and understood it all?

And as for Ellingham himself? His part in this stage of the drama was a less happy one. He had suffered himself to become irremediably engrossed by a passion which he greatly feared must be a hopeless one. And the sort of manner and tone and conduct which his fear caused him to impose on himself toward Kate would have either puzzled, or offended, or pained a girl more on the lookout for flirtations, more on the *qui vive* to watch for the manifestations of admiration and the results of it, either for the encouragement or discouragement of them—more self-conscious, in a word, than Kate was in this matter.

And yet, notwithstanding Ellingham's tears and discouragements, it was impossible for him not to perceive a difference in Kate's manner toward him and toward Arthur Merriton. But with self-tormenting perverseness, he told himself that this was only caused by poor Merriton's assiduous and unconcealed admiration. It was plain enough there was no hope for him; and that Kate found it necessary to show him as much. Probably, if Merriton were as cautious and self-restrained in his manner toward her as he himself was, her tone toward him would be as frankly friendly as it was toward himself.

And thus is completed, I think, the *carte de tendre* as laid down from a survey of the hearts of the principal members of our *dramatis personæ* in the early spring of the year following Margaret Lindisfarn's return to her paternal home.

CHAPTER XVI.

WINIFRED PENDLETON.

ON one evening of the March of that spring, Lady Farnleigh and Captain Ellingham had been dining, and were about to sleep, at the Chase. Notwithstanding that matters between Kate and Walter Ellingham must be considered, as appears from the general survey and report made in the last chapter, to have been in a less advanced and less satisfactory position than those of Margaret and Fred Falconer, nevertheless, it had come to pass that Ellingham was on terms of greater intimacy with the other members of the family at the Chase, and was a more frequent visitor there, than Falconer. This had no doubt

in some degree arisen from the circumstances which caused him often to be a sleeping as well as dining visitor at the house. There was no reason why Fred Falconer should sleep at the Chase. There was his home in Silverton between five and six miles off, his horse ready for him, and a good road all the way. And though it had been the habit, in old times,—that is to say, in the times before Margaret came home from Paris,—for him to be a frequent guest at the Chase, it had never been the practice for him to sleep there.

The case of Ellingham was different. He had no home save his ship, lying off in Sillmouth Roads. It was between eight and nine miles to the landing-place in Sillmouth harbor, and then there was a dark and most likely very rough row off to his ship at the end of that. Then, again, it had always been the practice, during many years, for Lady Farnleigh to sleep at the Chase after dining there in winter. And such visits were very apt to be prolonged to a second and a third day or more. Lady Farnleigh was the solitary inhabitant of the fine large house up at Wanstrow, and it was very lonely and very dreary and very storm-blown up there in winter. It was much pleasanter to spend a long winter's evening in the cheery pleasant drawing-room at the Chase, amid the sociable family circle there. And though occasionally Kate went to stay for a few days with her godmother, and sometimes, but more rarely, the whole family party at the Chase were induced to pass an evening at Wanstrow, by far the more common practice was for Lady Farnleigh to be staying in the house at Lindisfarn. And as Ellingham mostly came thither with her, and from the very close intimacy and friendship subsisting between them was naturally considered as belonging in some sort to her suite, it had followed that the same invitations and arrangements which made her so frequently an inmate of the house, had extended themselves naturally to him.

Then, again, he got on better with the other members of the family. Fred Falconer could hardly have been said to be much of a favorite there, except in one gentle breast. He was always a welcome guest, it is true. Of course he was, because he always had been so, from the time when he used to ride over on his little pony, with a servant walking by his side and holding the rein. His father

was a much respected neighbor and old friend. Nobody had anything to say against Freddy himself. Of course he was a welcome guest. Miss Immy perfectly well remembered the days when she used to give him cake and cowslip wine, and other suchlike dainties in the housekeeper's room. And the squire had been accustomed to "only Freddy Falconer," for the last twenty years, and never felt that his presence entailed the least necessity for abstaining from his after-dinner nap. Nevertheless, it has been seen that Mr. Mat and he did not get on well together, and that Lady Farnleigh had a sort of prejudice against him. Curiously enough, too, another class,—on whose idiosyncrasies and likes and dislikes we are apt to speculate with much the same sort of curiosity with which we regard the ways and instincts of creatures of a different species, so cut off from all community of sentiment, and all intelligible interchange of idea and feeling are they,—the servants, did not like Freddy Falconer.

All these different people liked Ellingham. He and Mr. Mat had come to be hand and glove. Miss Immy had begun to think him real Sillshire. And thus it had come to pass that he had become more domesticated in the house, and more intimate with them all than Falconer, although the acquaintanceship of the latter had dated from so much earlier a period.

The same concatenation of circumstances, by the by, serves in a great degree to account for the imprudence with which he had gone on during all the winter falling deeper and deeper and more inextricably in love with Kate. He had not, like Falconer, and like the young shopman who takes his sweetheart out for a walk on Sunday, gone on a love-making expedition with malice prepense, and self-conscious determination. He had been drifting into love, insensibly making lee-way, all the winter.

It was March; and both Ellingham and Lady Farnleigh had been staying for the last few days at the Chase. Falconer had dined there on the day before, and on the morrow Lady Farnleigh was to return to Wanstrow, and Captain Ellingham to his ship.

It was an exceedingly rough and boisterous night; and such weather was seasonable, for it was about the time of the equinox. The wind sighs a differently modulated song in woods of different kinds. Theocritus talks

of the sweet murmuring of the fir-tree; and Alexander Smith tells how

"Wind, the mighty harper, smote his thunder-harp of pines."

But there were no pines on Lindisfarn brow, though there were a few behind, and on the left side of the house. The long moaning, however, rising from time to time into a fierce provoked roar, which continued to encircle the house like a live thing piteously seeking an entrance,—this remonstrating moaning and angry roaring came from the oaks on Lindisfarn brow. The squire would be sure to be out the very first thing on the morrow morning, and up among his beloved woods on the brow to see what mischief had been caused by the storm. He would wince sometimes, as he sat in his chair of an evening, when the winds were keeping it up and making a night of it in the Lindisfarn woods, from a fellow-feeling for his trees, and sympathy with the torment they were undergoing from the tempest.

It was a night of that kind; and the squire and Captain Ellingham and Mr. Mat were sitting over their wine before a huge fire of logs in the low-roofed, oak-panelled, old-fashioned dining-room at the Chase, and the squire was lamenting the mischief that was being worked among his trees; and the captain was hoping that old Joe Saltash, his second in command on board the *Petrel*, had made all snug and was all right in Sillmouth harbor. The ladies had gone to the drawing-room. Miss Immy, scornful to lie down on the sofa, and sitting bolt upright on it, was nevertheless fast asleep, with her volume of "Clarissa Harlowe" by her side. Margaret was reading at one side of the table, and Lady Farnleigh and Kate were sitting on the opposite side of the fireplace to Miss Immy, and were talking together in low voices, when the servant came into the room, and said,—

"Please, Miss Kate, Mrs. Pendleton is here; and is very wishful to speak to you if you would be so kind. She's in the housekeeper's room."

"You don't mean to say, George, that Mrs. Pendleton has come up to the Chase, now, in this weather?"

"Yes, Miss; she has just come in. She says she was blown away almost; but she aint none so wet. It's more wind than rain."

"Tell her I'll come to her directly, George. I suppose there is a good fire in the house-keeper's room?"

"Yes, miss."

"What can have brought her up to the Chase at this hour, and on such a night as this?" said Kate to Lady Farnleigh, as the man left the room.

"Some trouble or other, I suppose. I am not sure that I quite approve of your seeing so much of Mrs. Pendleton, and making such a pet of her as you do, Kate."

"Oh, I can't give up poor dear Winifred! It is out of the question," answered Kate.

"Well, no. I don't want you to give her up; you can hardly do that for auld lang syne sake. But I don't half like that husband of hers. Besides," added Lady Farnleigh, with an arch look at Kate, and a laugh in her eye, "however tolerant and willing to wink one may have been when one had no concern with the collection of His Majesty's customs, we are enlisted on the other side now, Kate!"

Kate laughed and colored, as she replied, "I don't know that I have changed sides at all. At all events, I must go now and see what Winifred wants."

Margaret had raised her eyes from her book while the above conversation had been passing, just sufficiently to have shown to anybody who had been watching her, that she had paid attention to it; but she made no remark on anything that had been said.

Winifred, it must be explained, had been Kate's nurse for many years. She was the daughter of an old forester in the squire's employment, to whose care his dearly loved woods were intrusted, who had passed a long life in the service of the squire and his father, and was a specially valued and favorite servant. Winifred Parker, the Lindisfarn forester's daughter, had been a very beautiful girl, when at eighteen she was engaged by the late Mrs. Lindisfarn as under nurse to her twins. Very shortly after that, three events happened. Mrs. Lindisfarn died, as we know. One of the twins, Margaret, was shortly afterward, as we also know, sent away to Paris. And very speedily after that, old John Parker, the forester, met with his death from the fall of a tree, which he was engaged in felling. He was not killed on the spot, but had been removed to his cottage, where the squire and Miss Immy and Mr. Mat, greatly grieving, had all of them

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jointly and singly promised the dying man that his children (he was a widower, and had, beside Winifred, another daughter and a son) should be cared for, and not suffered to come to want. None of the three who had thus promised, were people at all likely to forget a promise given under such circumstances, or satisfy themselves with any grudging or merely perfunctory performance of it. The other children were well cared for, and Winifred, who had already made herself a favorite in the household, was retained, a greater favorite than ever, as special attendant on the little Kate.

In that position she had remained, endearing herself to all the family, and especially to her little charge, improving herself considerably in many respects, and giving perfect satisfaction to everybody who knew her, for between eleven and twelve years; that is to say, till she herself was thirty years old, till Kate was twelve, and till a period about six years previous to the date of the events that have been narrated in these pages.

To the entire satisfaction of everybody who knew her, I have written; and on the whole, such may fairly be said to have been the case. Yet during most of those years there had been one subject on which Winifred and her kind friends and protectors had differed. Even in this matter, however, she had been so reasonable, so good, so docile, that the difference, far from having caused any quarrel, had turned itself rather into a title the more to their affection and interest in her. Winifred had been a remarkably beautiful girl; and it is hardly necessary to say that this one subject of trouble arose from the source from which most of the troubles that assail pretty girls are apt to spring.

There was a certain Hiram Pendleton, respecting whom the pretty Winifred held the conscientious and wholly invincible opinion that he was in all respects the finest and noblest being that had ever stepped this sublunary globe. The family at the Chase thought that he was not so in all respects. That he was one of the finest in some, was very evident to all who looked at him. A handsomer presentation of a young sailor—Pendleton was a Sillmouth man, and that was his condition of life—it would have been difficult to conceive. Nor had the friends and protectors of Winifred anything *very strong* to urge against him in other respects. Still there

was enough, they thought, to cause and justify their unwillingness to give into his keeping so great a prize and so precious a charge as their pretty and much petted Winifred.

In the first place, Hiram Pendleton had somewhat sunk in the social scale. Winifred was indignant that what was due to misfortune should be made a matter of reproach against her hero. To a certain degree, perhaps, she was right. Perhaps not altogether so. Hiram's father had been a boat-owner; but somehow or other the son had fallen from that position, and had been constrained, or had chosen (he and Winifred said the latter), to make one or two voyages before the mast. He was, at all events, such an A. B. that he could at any time command his pick of employment in such a capacity. But he was said to be "wild;" and I am afraid the truth is that pretty girls—even those who are as good as Winifred Parker—were apt to prefer wild men to tame ones; just as I do ducks, and for the same reason,—that there is more flavor about them.

And then again there were rumors as to the not altogether avowable nature of the voyages in which Pendleton had been engaged. One thing, however, was certain; and it outweighed a whole legion of facts, even if they had been authentically ascertained ones, on the other side of the question, in Winifred's opinion. And this undeniable truth was that every time he had returned to Sillmouth, he had again and again urged his suit with indefatigable perseverance and constancy. Winifred was only two-and-twenty when Hiram Pendleton first fell in love with her; and she was nearly thirty before she accepted him. And all that time she had been in love with him; and all that time she had waited, and made him wait, in obedience to the wishes and advice of her friends at the Chase; and all that time Pendleton had been constant.

He did more to win his love besides showing himself a pattern of constancy. He manifested signs of becoming a steady and reformed character. He came home from his last voyage with a good bit of money, and announcing his intention to go no more a-roaming, he invested his savings in the purchase of a neat fishing smack and tackle, and settled himself as a scot and lot paying inhabitant of Sillmouth.

Could any Jacob serve more faithfully for his Rachel?

In fact, Winifred Parker's friends did not feel themselves justified in any longer resisting the match. If Hiram Pendleton's start in life had been somewhat amiss, he had amended it and reformed. If all the parts of the career by which he had reached his present position could not bear close scrutiny, that position was at all events now a respectable and responsible one. And, as Winifred Parker often said, and yet more often thought to herself, such constancy as Hiram had shown in his courtship of her was rarely to be matched. So the marriage took place at last, with the still somewhat reluctantly given consent of the Lindisfarn family, when Winifred was at least old enough to know her own mind; for she was upon the verge of thirty. She had, however, lost none of her remarkable beauty; for it was real beauty, and not mere prettiness; no *beauté du diable*, to disappear with the evanescent bloom of girlhood, but the more durable handsomeness arising from fine and regular features, perfect health, and admirably well-developed figure. Winifred Parker had been one of those pretty girls, who, having in them the promise of perfect womanhood, can hardly be said to have reached their culminating point of loveliness till that has been attained.

She was between five and six and thirty, and had become the mother of two fine boys and a girl, at the time when she presented herself on the stormy night in question at the old house in which she had passed, so happily, the best years of her life. But it would have been difficult to meet with a handsomer woman of her sort than Winifred Pendleton was and looked, after her walk up from Silverton to the Chase that stormy night.

She was, as the servant had said, not very wet; for the storm was as yet more of wind than of rain. But of the former there was enough to increase very considerably the fatigue of a stout walker, and to produce a glow and redness of coloring in her cheeks, which somewhat exaggerated the always healthy and fresh-colored appearance of them. Her bright black eye, beaming with shrewdness, intelligence, and energy, was not so large as beautiful eyes are often seen in individuals of the Celtic and Latin races, and

not unfrequently in favorable specimens of the high-bred classes of our own much-mixed blood. The dark eyes of the large liquid type, such eyes as Margaret Lindisfarn's, are rarely seen among those classes of our population which represent with least admixture the Saxon element of our ancestry.

A great abundance of glossy, but not very fine black hair, blown into considerable disorder by her walk through the storm, added to her appearance that grace of picturesqueness, which belongs, by prescription, to gypsies, and suchlike members of the anti-scot-and-lot-paying classes, but which is hardly compatible with the demureness of thorough respectability. The large mouth was one of great beauty and sweetness. Any child or dog would have unhesitatingly accorded implicit trust and affection to the owner of it. The tall figure, with its well and fully-developed bust, round and lithe but not too slender waist, and its general expression of springy, elastic strength and agility, was the very perfection of womanhood,—a sculptor's model for an Eve.

But why did Lady Farnleigh suppose at once that trouble of some sort was the cause of Mrs. Pendleton's visit to the Chase? And why did she disapprove of Kate's closeness of intimacy with so old, so meritorious, and so well-loved an humble friend of her family? And what was the meaning of her joking, but not the less seriously meant, allusion to the collection of His Majesty's revenue, and to the share which Captain Ellingham had in the due accomplishment of that collection?

The truth was, in one word, that the Honorable Captain Ellingham, commanding His Majesty's revenue cutter *Petrel*, and Hiram Pendleton, were enlisted on opposite sides in the great and permanent quarrel arising out of that matter of collecting His Majesty's revenue. Pendleton, the bold and able seaman,—not unacquainted, if all tales were true, with lawbreaking in the course of his professional career, the capitalist in possession of a fishing smack and nets, and a small sum into the bargain, safely stowed away (not in Messrs. Falconer and Fishbourne's books), had been led into embarking his courage, his seamanship, and his capital in the then promising and tempting profession of a smuggler. And it is not to be understood

that the pretty Winifred either put her apron to her eyes, or gave any other indication of considering herself an unfortunate and miserable woman, or went with whining who-would-have-thought-it complaints to her friends at the Chase, or with a long face to the parson, the magistrate, or any other authority whatsoever, or went to the dogs. Hiram Pendleton had been as constant a husband as he had been a lover. He was as much in love with his wife, and she with him, after some six years of marriage, as they had been for the six years before it. And under these circumstances, if Hiram had thought fit to levy war against the sacred person of Majesty itself, instead of only against Majesty's revenue, Winifred would have stuck to him and backed him.

Nor must it be supposed that, in those days of oppressive and excessive custom duties, the trade and position of the bold smuggler was regarded by any class of the public quite in the same light as it is in our better-instructed, more legality-loving, and more politico-economical times. Although, of course, persons in the position of Lady Farnleigh and Squire Lindisfarn could not but disapprove of the smuggler's trade, shake their heads at his doings, and seriously lament that their former misgivings with regard to Pendleton should have been thus justified, there was, even in their sphere, no very strong repugnance to the man or his illegal enterprises; and Winifred's old friends, when Mr. Mat would from time to time come home from Silverton or Sillmouth with some story of a successfully run cargo, were apt, though with due and proper protest and disavowal, to feel more sympathy with the bold and fortunate smuggler than with His Majesty's defrauded revenue.

Kate had been always specially daring and outspoken in her illegal sympathies, protesting loudly that smuggling was as fair on one side as the press-gang on the other; that one was no more wrong than the other; that those who pulled the longest faces were ready enough to buy a French silk dress or keg of French brandy; and that, for her part, she was not going to give up dear old Winifred for all the custom-house officers in the kingdom. And so a very considerable amount of friendship and intercourse had been kept up between Kate and her old nurse, notwith-

standing that the latter had become a daring smuggler's wife; and though the young lady's visits—generally accompanied by Mr. Mat, whose sympathies and moralities upon the subject were quite as faulty as Kate's—though the visits, I say, to Mrs. Pendleton's pretty and picturesque cottage under the rocks at the far end of Sillmouth sands were generally made, and understood to be made, when the master of it was away, it had nevertheless occurred that a bow, returned by no unfriendly nod on the part of the fair lady, had more than once passed between her and the owner of Deepcreek Cottage.

In a word, the family at the Chase, and Kate more especially, had determined not to give up their old and much-valued *protégé*, notwithstanding the regrettable, but in those times and those latitudes not unpardonable and not very severely reprobated, courses into which her husband had fallen. And an amount of toleration and even sympathy for Mrs. Pendleton's family interests and prosperities and adversities, had been felt and even professed by Kate (who was apt to profess all she felt on most subjects), greater than perhaps might have been the case if the young lady had been better aware of all that the life and pursuits of a smuggler involve and may lead to; and at the same time an amount of winking at illegalities, which they were bound to discountenance, had been practised by the elder and more responsible members of the family, which worshipful and law-abiding people in this improved age of the world's history will perhaps consider as scarcely justifiable or prudent.

And now came new circumstances, which had a tendency to complicate these relationships. It was quite clear that between Captain Ellingham and Hiram Pendleton there could be neither truce nor toleration. And, as Lady Farnleigh said, "they"—that is, she and her goddaughter, and the rest of the family at the Chase—were now enlisted on the other side. As her ladyship had also remarked, when first speaking to Kate of Walter Ellingham, it was bad to be a smuggler on the Sillshire coast, when the *Petrel* and her commander were on duty on that station. And it was likely to be difficult to cultivate friendly relations with both parties.

And now what, under these circumstances, could Mrs. Pendleton want this stormy night up at the Chase?

CHAPTER XVII.

A HARD, HARD TASK!

KATE found Mrs. Pendleton waiting for her in the housekeeper's room, a little snuggerly looking out on the back of the house, toward the woods therefore, which came down to within a short distance of the mansion on that side, and toward the high forest-covered ground of Lindisfarn brow. So that on this side of the house the moaning and roaring of the storm-wind was yet more loudly heard than in the front. But though the casements rattled and shook as if every now and then they were assailed by a sudden push from the outside, the little room was cheerful with a bright fire; and Mrs. Pendleton had been already supplied with a steaming pot of tea, and a plate of bread and butter.

"Why, Winifred?" cried Kate, bursting into the room through the door, much as the wind was striving to do at the opposite window; "what in the world brings you up to the Chase on such a night as this? What a walk you must have had!"

"'Tis a terrible night, Miss Kate, sure enough; not for them as is safe and snug on shore. I think nothing of the walk, though the wind does blow off the brow up here enough to take one off one's legs. But it must be an awful night at sea!"

"Where is Pendleton?" asked Kate.

"Over the other side, and safe in harbor at this time, I hope, Miss Kate. But he'll be coming across to-morrow night; and they won't ask no better than a spell of this same weather; for the night's as dark as pitch, and they are not afeard of wind, you know, miss."

"It would be on the quarter in coming over, as the wind is now; would it not?" asked the young lady.

"Yes, and that's one of the lugger's best points. Only there is a little too much of it. But if the wind lasts, or if there is any wind at all that will any ways serve to make the coast with, they will be coming over to-morrow night, sure enough."

"Don't you wish the job was done, and the lugger lying asleep under the Benniton Head rock, and Hiram safe and dry in the cottage?"

"Where's the use of wishing, Miss Kate? I might spend my life at it. When I was first married to a sailor,—let alone one as the wind isn't his worst trouble!—I thought I'd

never sleep through a dark night again, and felt every puff of wind as if the belaying pins was fixed in my heart. But one gets used to it. But I *do* wish, Miss Kate," she added, looking with earnest eyes into Miss Lindisfarn's face, "that the job was over this time! I do wish it!"

"Is it anything more than usual?" asked Kate, with a glance toward the door, and in a lower tone than before.

"Well, Miss Kate, to come out with it, at once,—for I know we can trust you, and it's over late now to begin having secrets between you and me,—that is what brings me up to Lindisfarn this night."

"What do you mean, Winifred? Is there any trouble?" asked Kate, in a sympathizing manner.

"I'll tell you what it is, Miss Kate," said the smuggler's wife, who had thrown off her cloak, and rising to her feet as she spoke, came one step nearer to the spot at which Kate was standing at the opposite side of the housekeeper's little tea-table, for she had not taken a seat on coming into the room,—“I'll tell you what it is, Miss Kate. If I do not succeed in preventing it by my walk up here to-night, there *will* be trouble, as sure as the trees are troubling in the storm on Lindisfarn brow this night?"

"What can you mean, Winifred? and what can your walk up here to-night have to do with it?" asked Kate, who was beginning to feel a little alarm at the woman's manner.

"It's a big job that's to come off to-morrow night. There's some strange hands in it. The venture is as much as some on them is worth in the world. And, Miss Kate," added Winifred, speaking in a solemn manner, and with special emphasis, while she looked with a fixed and determined, but yet wistful, glance into Kate's eyes, "they don't mean to be beat."

"I don't understand you, Winifred," returned Kate, while a feeling of vague alarm rising gradually in her heart, and betraying itself in her manner, showed that she did partially understand the possible trouble to which Mrs. Pendleton was alluding.

"Miss Kate," said she, still looking down from her somewhat superior height into Kate's eyes with the same fixed and meaning look, "the men mean to bring the lugger in, and run the goods."

"In a dark night like this," said Kate,

"they will have a good chance of doing so, as they have had many a time before."

"Ay, Miss Kate, please God they be not meddled with, the lugger will come in with the tide, while it is as dark as pitch, and all well. But—it 'ill be bad meddling with them."

"And who should meddle with them?" said Kate, with a sudden feeling that Lady Farnleigh's lightly uttered words might have more meaning in them than she had thought of attributing to them.

"The revenue officers, to be sure, miss; and those as has the business to protect the revenue," returned Mrs. Pendleton, shrewdly observing Kate's face.

"Well, and if the *Saucy Sally*"—that was the name of Pendleton's lugger—"gets scent of anything hailing from the custom-house, she will show them a clean pair of heels, as she has so often done before," said Kate.

"Ah, but the *Saucy Sally* don't mean to do nothing of the kind this time. I tell you, Miss Kate, they mean to bring in their cargo whether or no!"

"How, whether or no? If the revenue officers are on the look-out, they must stand off and try another chance."

"But I tell you, Miss Kate, that is not what they mean. They mean to come in. If they can come in quiet, well. There'll be a bit of bread for the wives and children, and nobody the worse or the wiser. But if they are meddled with, there'll be trouble. That's where it is," said Mrs. Pendleton.

"Why, you don't mean to say, Winifred, that they would dream of open resistance to the king's officers? They could not be so mad!"

"I don't know about mad, Miss Kate; but I zem I know which would be the maddest, them as is wishful to earn a bit of bread for their families, or them as poke their noses where they've no need, to hinder them. But you may rest sure, miss, if the *Saucy Sally* is meddled with to-morrow night, there'll be trouble."

"But you must persuade your husband not to be so foolhardy, Mrs. Pendleton. I can hardly believe he can think of it," said Kate.

"Persuade him! How am I to persuade him,—even putting he was a man to mind a woman's tattle in such matters,—and he over

in France? Besides, it does not depend on him altogether; I said there were others in it. And zems to me, Miss Kate, that you know enough of Hiram to judge that if others are for venturing a bold stroke, he is not the man to preach to them to hold their hands!"

"I should hope, Winifred, that he was not a man to join in any violence, which might lead to dreadful consequences," said Kate, with a painfully rising sense of the disagreeable possibilities that were beginning to loom above the horizon of her imagination.

"Might lead!" cried Winifred Pendleton, with a look and an accent that were almost a sneer. "You don't know what men are, Miss Kate; let alone men such as they are, who have known what 'tis to have the law against 'em and not for 'em. Law is a very good thing, Miss Kate, for them as has got all they can wish for in this world. But Pendleton is not the man to stand by quiet, and see his own seized beneath his nose, not if I know anything of him. No more aint those that are with him."

"But, my dear Winifred, what is your object in telling me all this, except to frighten me and make me unhappy? It could not be to tell me this that you have walked up from Sillmouth such a night as this," said Kate, becoming more and more uneasy, though she hardly knew, with any degree of precision, how what she heard could affect her.

"I did walk up from Sillmouth, a good eight miles to-night just on purpose to tell you this, Miss Kate," said Mrs. Pendleton, with the deliberate kind of manner of a person administering a dose and waiting to see the effect of it.

"And what possible object could you have in doing so?" asked Kate, looking at her in great surprise.

"I thought, Miss Kate, that maybe our hearts might pull the same way in this matter," replied Mrs. Pendleton, dropping the lashes over the fine but perhaps somewhat bold eyes with which she had been till now observing her quondam mistress.

"Hearts pull the same way! Of course they do! You know how dearly I have at heart all that interests you. But I don't understand you. You are not like yourself to-night. You speak as if there were something behind that you were afraid to tell me. Has anything happened?"

"No, miss, no! nothing *have* happened.

But, my dear Miss Kate, don't you know what is likely to happen when men come to fighting! If you don't know, can't you guess, what a woman must feel when the father of her children is at that pass, when if it does come to a fight, it wont end without lives lost?"

"But, gracious heavens! Winifred, why will your husband be so rash—so mad? If you have no power to stop him, what is to be done? and what on earth did you propose to yourself in coming here? If papa could help, I am sure he would. If Hiram could be arrested and kept safe till this mad scheme is blown over—but you say he is over in France?"

"Yes, miss, Pendleton is over the other side; and I don't think that any good could be done by arresting him, even if he was here; thank you kindly, all the same," said Winifred, casting down her eyes with a mock-demure look that had a strong flavor of irony in it. "Hiram is a bird of that sort, you see, Miss Kate," she added, "as it don't come easy putting salt on their tails. No, Miss Kate, if any good is to be done, it's you that must do it. And it did come into my head—or into my heart more like—that you and I, miss, might have pulled together in this bad business."

"I help you? and pull together? What can you mean, Winifred? You have got something in your head. Why don't you speak it out plain? You know you can trust me."

"If I did not know that, I should not have said what I have said," replied Mrs. Pendleton, looking full into Kate's eyes with a steady and searching gaze. "And I know well enough that if you could do a good turn to either me or mine, it isn't a little either of trouble or cost that would stand in the way. I know that, Miss Kate. Don't you think I ever forget it, or ever shall. But it isn't trouble or cost that will serve the turn to-night."

She spoke these words simply and naturally, and then hesitated, and once again cast her eyes down to the floor. After a minute she went on, without raising them,—

"It's not to be thought, Miss Kate, that when men come to a desperate fight—and if there is a fight it will be a desperate one—the danger's all on one side."

She paused and looked up furtively into

Kate's face, from under her eyelashes. But she could detect neither intelligence of her meaning, nor any other emotion beyond that of the sympathizing distress with which Kate had heard the whole of her story, in her features, as she answered,—

"Of course that must be so. But the king's officers are almost sure to be strong enough to make the odds terribly in their favor."

"Would it seem so terrible to you, Miss Kate, that the odds should be on that side?" asked her companion, with a repetition of the same furtive examination of her face.

"I suppose it ought not to seem so," said Kate, simply; "I suppose one ought to wish that the supporters of the law should be stronger than the breakers of it. And God forbid that there should be blood shed on either side! But you know, Winny, well enough, that as long as it was merely a question of playing hide-and-seek with the custom-house people, which side of the game I wished well to."

"But if it's not a game of hide-and-seek, but a very different sort of game," said the woman, speaking with hurried vehemence, but still without looking up; "and if," she went on, in a lower tone, "that other game has to be played out with His Majesty's revenue cutter, the *Petrel*!"—

And again she stole a look at Kate's face, and this time saw, by the bright red flush that suffused the whole of it, that a portion, at least, of the ideas that she wished to suggest had found its way into Kate's mind.

"Ah, I had not thought of that! In that case," she added, while the blush, which a different sentiment had called to her cheek in the first instance, was detained there by a feeling of displeasure with her companion of which no shadow had till then crossed her mind,—“in that case,” she said, coldly, “I should think far worse, than if I had not known it, of the chances of the men rash enough to attempt such a struggle.”

This reply called up Winifred's eyes from off the ground, and roused a new feeling of a different kind in her heart; and the rich color came into her cheeks also, as she said,—

"You take it with a very high hand, miss! There are not many men, either in His Majesty's service or out of it, who would find it a joking matter or child's play to fight out a fair fight with Hiram Pendleton, let alone

them as are with him! I did not come here to ask for mercy, but to prevent mischief on one side as well as t'other. There's other women besides wives, who might chance to get broken hearts out of to-morrow night's work—if such work is to be.”

"I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Pendleton!" said Kate, scarlet, and now thoroughly angry; "I don't know what it is that you are daring to insinuate!"

"Forgive me, my dear young mistress! My dearest Miss Kate, forgive me!" cried Winifred, catching Kate's hand, and looking up with tears in her eyes; "God knows, I had no thought to offend you. I would rather cut my tongue out. But why should it be an offence to you, between you and me, your own poor old Winny? Wouldn't it be a good thing to prevent this bloody work, if we could? And believe me, believe me, my dear young lady, it will be as bad for one side as for t'other!"

"But what right have you to speak as you did, Winifred?" said Kate, relenting, though still much annoyed and offended. "Of course it would be good to prevent bloodshed, if there were any way of doing it. But what reason or what right have you to suppose that I should be especially interested in the matter, beyond what every person would naturally be? And, above all, what possible reason can you have to imagine that I should have any means of influencing the matter one way or the other?"

"I'm sure I don't know why you should be so angry with me, miss, for saying to you what all the folks are saying about to one another. You can't think that it is any secret in Silvertown that Captain Ellingham worships the ground you tread on. You can't expect folk to shut their eyes; and I don't see, for my part, why you should wish them to!"

"The people talk nonsense, as they generally do! But you ought to know better than to repeat it to me, Winifred. Besides, you spoke of—of my breaking my heart for Captain Ellingham—as if I were likely to break my heart for any man!"

"Well, I had no right to say that, miss, and I humbly ask your pardon. Not but 'twould seem natural and right enough to me for a girl, let her be the first lady in the land, to care about such a one as Captain Ellingham, and he mad for the love of her!"

"But even supposing that one must naturally, as you say, Winny, follow from the other, what business has any one to impute any such sentiments to Captain Ellingham?" asked Kate, who did not succeed in disguising from her old nurse and humble friend that she *did* feel an interest in investigating that part of the question.

"What business? Well, I do believe that gentlefolk think that poor folk haven't no eyes! servants specially; and they made of nothing else, as one may say! Why, Miss Kate, do you think that the sailors took no note of their captain that time when the whole lot of you went for a cruise aboard the cutter? There was no lack of other ladies aboard, and pretty ones too; but there wasn't a man or boy of the cutter's crew, from that crossgrained old Joe Saltash, the mate, down to the cabin-boy, that could not see where the captain took his sailing orders from, or who was admiral on board. Bless you, Miss Kate, sailors have eyes! ay, and tongues too! How long do you suppose the *Petrel* might be lying in Sillmouth harbor, before it was all over Sillmouth that the revenue captain worshipped Miss Kate Lindisfarn's shoe-tie? Show his sense! the Sillshire folk say. And I suppose, Miss Kate—if I might venture to say it, without your eating me up alive for it,—that you didn't look at him as if you hated him!"

Kate was blushing brightly as Mrs. Pendleton spoke; but she did not appear to be angry this time.

"But even supposing," she said, "that all this was true, instead of being the silliest nonsense that ever was talked, what would it avail toward preventing what you fear to-morrow night, Mrs. Pendleton?"

"Don't call me Mrs. Pendleton, dear Miss Kate, please don't, or I shall think you are still angry with me. How avail? Why, if what I have said was true, it wouldn't be pleasant hearing for you to be told the first thing you open your eyes in the morning that Captain Ellingham's body had been found washed ashore during the night, with a couple of pistol bullets in it, and a gash over the forehead!"

"Good heavens, Winifred! How can you talk in such a way?" replied Kate; and her cheek grew pale as she spoke. "Of course, it would be dreadful to hear it, whether all that trash were true, or as false as it is."

"Well! that's what you are like enough to hear, Miss Kate, if nothing is done to prevent it. And I don't suppose you'd think it was made much better, if you was told that Hiram Pendleton's corpse was lying stark on the sands as well!"

"But what can possibly be done to prevent such horrors!" cried Kate, wringing her hands in distress.

"Why, where is the captain now, at this present speaking?" said Mrs. Pendleton.

"Here at the Chase, in the house," answered Kate.

"Ah, to be sure! here at the Chase, a-taking his wine comfortably along with the squire," continued Mrs. Pendleton. "And if he was a-doing the same thing at the same hour to-morrow night, the *Saucy Sally* would have run her cargo before midnight, and no harm done to nobody in all the blessed world!"

"But I know Captain Ellingham means to be off to Sillmouth the first thing to-morrow morning," returned Kate, shaking her head sadly.

"And how much trouble, I wonder, would it take them eyes of yours, Miss Kate, to make him change his mind, and stay at Lindisfarn?" said Mrs. Pendleton, looking wistfully into the eyes she spoke of.

"Ah!" cried Kate, blushing and drawing a long breath, as if she suddenly perceived for the first time the whole of Mrs. Pendleton's drift and object in coming up to the Chase.

"No, Mrs. Pendleton, that plan won't do! Even if I were to make the attempt, as you would have me, I could no more prevent Captain Ellingham from doing his duty than I could move Silvertown Cathedral!"

"All nonsense! I beg your pardon, Miss Kate; but you know nothing about it. Many's the better man than Captain Ellingham that has forgotten all about duty, as you call it, on a less temptation! And where's the special duty of his going out one particular night?"

"I am afraid," returned Kate, thoughtfully, "that he would not be here so quietly to-night, and intending to go out, as I know he does, to-morrow night if he had not some information."

"God help him, then, and my husband, too! They won't both come ashore alive! More likely neither of them; and God help me and my children! Miss Kate, you could do

this good job if you tried," added Winifred, clasping her hands, and looking with wistful earnestness into Kate's now painfully distressed face. She shook her head sorrowfully, but with a severe expression on her features, as she said,—

"Nothing that I *could* do would produce the result you wish, Mrs. Pendleton."

"Result I wish! Why, great Heaven, Miss Kate, 'tis the lives of both of them! Consider how you'll think upon my words, when it is too late! When the captain's body is picked off the sand and carried feet foremost, and the white face, with the dripping black hair falling back from it, upward to the sunlight; and my man is laid in his bloody coffin, and I am a broken-down and broken-hearted woman, without a bit of bread to put into my children's mouths," said Mrs. Pendleton, putting her handkerchief to her eyes: "you'll say to yourself, Miss Kate, I did all that good work. I sent the captain to his fate, when I knew it was waiting for him. I brought Hiram Pendleton to his death! 'Twas I that made Winifred, old John Parker's daughter, a broken widow, and her children orphans! I did it all, for I might have saved it all, and wouldn't!—Oh, Miss Kate, think, think of it! What's a bit of a girl's pride, or just a taste of a blush, maybe, making you look more lovelier to him than you ever looked before—what's this, I say, to men's lives? Think of it, for Heaven's love, my dear Miss Kate! And don't you go for to think that the king's men are going to have it all their own way. I tell you that the chance is against them. Our fellows are a strong lot—some new hands, strangers, among them—and they wont make child's play of it. As sure as Captain Ellingham tries to stop the *Saucy Sally* to-morrow night, he's a dead man!"

Kate, whose distress had been rising to a

pitch of agony while Mrs. Pendleton had been speaking these words, remained silent for a while at the conclusion of them, while her working features showed how great was the effect of them upon her.

"You do not know, my poor Winifred," she said at length, "you cannot guess, how painful it will be to me, how much it costs me to make the application you urge me to do. But," she added, while something that was almost a sob half choked her utterance, "I will not, I dare not have it on my conscience that I have refused, in order to spare my own feelings, to make an attempt at averting these dreadful misfortunes. I will do as you would have me, my poor Winifred, though it is a hard, hard task. I must leave you now. Good-night. Rest yourself well before you start on your return; and if you like, one of the men shall walk over with you—or, better still, I am sure Mr. Mat would let you have the gig."

"God bless and reward you for your good deed, Miss Kate, and grant that you succeed!" said Winifred, with the tears in her eyes,— "and thank you kindly, miss; but I do not want any help to get home. There's not a foot of the ground that I don't know, better than e'er a man about the place: and I'm noways afraid of the walk."

"Good-night, then. It shall be done before he goes to-morrow," said poor Kate, in a tone which might have led a bystander to imagine that the deed to be done was something of a very tragic nature indeed.

And then she had to return to the drawing-room with as cheerful a face as she could manage, fully purposed to do the spiring which she had undertaken, but intending to set about it, as perhaps the reader need hardly be told, in a somewhat different fashion from that contemplated by her *ci-devant* nurse.

From The Spectator.

THE FRENCH IN EGYPT.

WHEN a great orator speaks from the steps of a throne, he is pretty sure to be heard, and the interest excited by Prince Napoleon's recent speech on British policy in Egypt is therefore easily understood. After all the allowances demanded by national jealousy have been made, the fact still remains that the French alliance is the only one of great importance to England or the world, and anything which threatens or seems to threaten its continuance deserves the most anxious attention. When a prince of the imperial house, therefore, bids French gentlemen go on with a commercial project because "England will not declare war against France for such a cause," quiet men are justified in rubbing their eyes and asking whether there ever was any danger which justified that remark. Is anybody threatening, or thinking of threatening, or dreaming that he may one day have to think of threatening war in order to stop the Suez Canal? The mere statement of the question supplies the answer, and reduces the prince's speech from an ominous manifesto into an indiscretion. He was carried away by his own eloquence and his friendship for M. de Lesseps, till he at once exaggerated the opposition of England, and distorted the true and very serious question at issue.

The object of the energetic adventurer who changed the Suez Canal from a dream into a project was from the first, as we have so frequently shown, a twofold one. He wished, in the first place, to cut the canal which, as he dreams, will turn the current of Oriental trade into the Mediterranean, give it, that is, to France and Italy, instead of to Great Britain, and in the second place to secure a hold for France upon the valley of the Nile. To this end he demanded and gradually secured concessions which included, not only the right to cut the canal,—which was all he professed to want,—not only a grant of forced labor to the extent of twenty thousand men for many years on end, but a claim to a mile on each side of the canal in full sovereignty, a provision which would, if executed, have made the Canal Company as powerful in Egypt as the East India Company ever was in Bengal. The British Government, which does not want Egypt, but which must fight Europe rather than let any but a third-

rate power possess it, took alarm at these concessions, and at first, we have reason to believe, in spite of some official denials, resisted the canal altogether. That plan failed, as it ought to have done,—it being no part of Lord Palmerston's duty to resist the development of the world's material resources, or even to retard the advance of Southern Europe lest, perchance, it should injure Great Britain,—and a more moderate scheme was adopted. The Porte was induced to prohibit forced labor in the general interest of humanity,—the suffering thereby inflicted being, apart from all philanthropic considerations, ruinous to Egypt,—and to cancel the one-mile concession as obviously impairing the rights of the suzerain. It is admitted by all sides, including the French lawyers consulted by the Duke de Morny, that in thus acting the Porte is within its legal power, and it is not easy to prove that Sir Henry Bulwer was wrong in inducing the sultan to exercise his right. Already, without this concession, the French residents have become the virtual aristocracy of Egypt. It is not long since they compelled the pasha to order and to witness the public degradation of an Egyptian officer accused of having jostled a Zouave, and within this month the station-master of Cairo confessed to an English gentleman that he dared not restrain the outrages of a French postilion who was stamping about on the station demanding fifteen shillings an hour for his horses, and threatening everybody with a big stick, because the offender was a Frenchman. Had he been an Englishman, he would have been sent before the consul at once; but as he was a Frenchman, that course would have made out of a squabble a "diplomatic affair." The daily repetition of such incidents, the sight of swarms of French overseers, the habit of using French money, and, not to be unjust, the spectacle of a great and beneficent French work, the fresh-water canal now opened, creates among all Egyptians the idea that Egypt, which they never apparently think of claiming for themselves, must one day be French,—an impression equivalent to partial conquest. The diplomatic struggle for influence is, perhaps, in almost all countries a seductive mistake; but in Egypt we must, for our own security, be accounted at least the equals of all other foreigners, and French sovereignty over the

line of transit would have finally destroyed that equality. The resistance to the canal may be, as Prince Napoleon says, merely another proof that English statesmen are aged; but the resistance to a French possession of Egypt would be continued by statesmen younger than Earl Russell, and less imbued with the notions of 1815 than the premier. Even Mr. Gladstone would murmur if the transit route became French, and confess uneasily that Great Britain was at last directly threatened. In urging M. de Lesseps, therefore, to disregard England,—for England will never go to war to prevent the Suez Canal,—Prince Napoleon is simply urging his countrymen either to believe a truism, or to maintain claims which are confessedly fatal to the independence of Egypt, and consequently to one of the very few fixed ideas of British policy. Nobody is resisting the canal, or if any diplomatist still considers obstruction to that work within the sphere of his duties, he, as the prince himself puts it, is acting without the consent and against the will of the British people, which most assuredly will fight for no such end. If the canal can be cut at French expense, so much the better for England, which will thereby be spared the cost of transshipment upon all light goods. If in cutting it Frenchmen acquire wealth or influence with Egyptians, or new openings for enterprise, or novel consideration in the world, so much the better also. It is well that enormous enterprises should be greatly rewarded, and nothing could benefit Europe more than visible proof that undertakings of imperial magnitude were not outside the pale of far-sighted commercial speculation. But French sovereignty over any section of Egypt within or near the transit route is a widely different thing—a contingency which no ministry will ever foresee with patience, and which will, in the last resort, be resisted, despite any number of petulant outbursts.

The responsibility in that case does not rest with us, but with the aggressive power.

We are happy to believe that the Emperor of the French is, as usual, wiser than his impulsive cousin, and that the diplomatists at Constantinople who take their cue from him, and not his cousin, have at last come to an arrangement. The canal is to go on, under some compromise as to labor, which is not yet made clear, but the basis of which will be compulsion, compensated by heavy wages, and M. de Lesseps is left to acquire all the "influence" he can obtain. If French consuls misuse that influence long as they are doing at present, they will find it decay without England making of every squabble a diplomatic affair. On the other hand, the claim to the mile on each side is to be formally given up, in consideration of certain funds to be paid out of the Egyptian Treasury. This looks, at first sight at all events, like a reasonable arrangement, and we may hope that it will not again be necessary either for a French prince to talk of war with Great Britain to maintain the right to dig a deep ditch through Egypt, or for Great Britain to resist the conversion of the banks of that ditch into a colony of France. England is not so selfish as the prince would have her to be, but she is selfish enough to resolve that her best route to India shall not belong to a monarch who, once owning it, could stop our communications at will, could, without despatching a soldier, compel us to keep up a Red Sea fleet, and could render India a burden by the armed watchfulness which, there as at home, he would compel us to maintain. It is this, and not the canal, which the British Government now resists, and though in ordinary cases "cure," as Sir Cornwall Lewis said, "is cheaper than prevention," that remark does not apply when the catastrophe to be prevented is amputation.

From The Spectator.
THE WIRE-KING.

"THE authority of M. Reuter has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." The entity described under that name, supposed sometimes to be a company, sometimes a Jew capitalist, sometimes an able speculator, and sometimes a paid agent of the telegraph companies, has constituted himself a fifth estate, equal in power with the press, but owning no responsibility even to those who pay him. He has possessed himself of a new means of intelligence, which is fast becoming the only means, and he manufactures information and opinions for all Europe at his will. Armed, we imagine, with some sort of contract from the telegraph companies, he on the completion of the continental system of wires offered to supply all the newspapers in London with a daily modicum of intelligence. The daily journals, which in England are as a body seldom very prosperous, though one or two after the English fashion are richer than any in the world, and which at the moment were embarrassed and alarmed at once by legislative action, by the advent of cheap but powerful competitors, and by the retreat of a capitalist or two from the profession, perceived that M. Reuter's offer would save them huge expense, and in an evil hour closed with his proposals. Why papers afraid of cheapness should ever have made a blunder which placed it in the power of any man with a few thousands to establish and fail with a daily journal it is hard to imagine; but so it was. Even the *Times*, forgetful of its triumphs in the express way, gave way, though with reserves to which we may point hereafter, and from that moment to this, some years, M. Reuter has had a monopoly of the "early" intelligence by which all subsequent opinion is seriously colored. This innovation at once for its first consequence reduced the newspapers to a single and very low level. The special resources of every paper became useless, the *Times* lost the use of its strange hold over all Englishmen outside England,—a hold in itself worth thousands,—the *Post* of its consular connections, the favored journal of the hour of the aspirants seeking favor with the departments. It is news which the public seeks first of all, and under the new system energy went for nothing, and capital, even when very great, for very little indeed. In-

deed, money for once almost lost its utility; for M. Reuter, as agent at once for the companies and the public, had a hold which even expenditure could very seldom defeat. Aided by a tolerably quiet time, by great energy, and by very able assistants, the acute speculator who had established the monopoly worked it at first exceedingly well. His telegrams were always wanting in "consequence," but details were scarcely required, and people were glad to be relieved of even apparent surplusage. He works it well even now, giving us all, as a rule, a very decent *réchauffé* of the news most current in the various capitals, laughably diplomatic in form sometimes, but still clear and succinct. His agents, if they do not know anything of themselves, have the invaluable habit of hearing what other people know, and a habit equally valuable of wrapping up indistinct rubbish in phrases which sound to the uninitiated oracular, and to the initiated "semi-official."

Everything went very pleasantly until the American war broke out. Then it was perceived that if M. Reuter were really an abstraction, or a man with cosmopolitan ideas, his agents certainly were not. They, at all events, were human beings with human feelings, friendships, prejudices, perhaps even human amenability to coercion and to reward. Their tone, by the confession even of those who agreed with them, was distinctively Southern, and England felt that the very springs of information were in the hands of partisans. It would have felt this much more keenly but for one of those accidents which sometimes destroy the effect of the best devised organization. It has been the lot of this journal to protest against the action of the *Times* pretty often, to differ with its teaching, to attack the views which, in its accepted function of looking-glass for the empire, it is frequently induced to uphold. But the *Times*, by the mere fact of its existence, confers one immense benefit upon journalism, and therefore upon England. It is strong enough to fight an "interest," or an individual with great means. Whether the opponent is a swindler who has attacked half the banks in Europe at once, or the whole railway power, or the organized roughs of London, or a parliamentary clique, or M. Reuter, the *Times*, when it sees fit, dare and will fight, and take

on its own shoulders the labor which the press, if it were really a fourth estate, would encounter in combination.

The *Times* never quite gave in to M. Reuter, and from a very early period of the American struggle published telegraphic narratives remarkable for their fulness, their one-sided accuracy, and, as we think, their unfairness of tone. Had these accounts differed in drift from those furnished by M. Reuter, the public would have had, on the whole, a fair statement of the facts. Unfortunately, they were not only just as prejudiced, but prejudiced in exactly the same way, and the effect of the two sets of accounts was equivalent to that of a powerful paper devoted to the Southern cause, which might be the right cause, or the evil cause, but which in either case could not be, at all events, the only cause. Then came the Greek question, and throughout the telegrams reported just the news which most readily affected the prices of Greek bonds, and then the Dano-German quarrel, throughout which M. Reuter's agency has been German to the core, and has besides been for the first time inefficient. The agency has never yet published one distinct, condensed, well-arranged narrative, giving instead snippets of news always imperfect and very often contradictory. That has not been in all probability M. Reuter's fault. It would be difficult, perhaps, for any human being with brain enough to condense new facts into a bulletin, and living in the atmosphere of a German capital, to escape "influence" from one side or the other. The different governments, too, must exercise some kind or degree of pressure, and we are not inclined to blame M. Reuter on a charge so intangible as that of bias. But the effect of the monopoly which he has obtained is to place the English nation at the mercy of a single firm, which may be the most upright in the world, and may also poison all political intelligence at the fountain-head, and whether honorable or speculative must always be liable to individual bias, and always irresponsible to public control. People may stop subscribing as they may stop taking the *Times*, but suppose the *Times* sole newspaper! Men are beginning more and more to rely upon the bulletins for their facts, for in the bulletins alone do they find them expressed with the succinctness and bareness they desire.

Hundreds read the bulletins alone. Thousands read them *first*, and the first reading colors the imagination, and indisposes it for any more true but less vivid impression. A man reads in the bulletin, for example, that a certain Danish retreat has been disgraceful. Two days after he sees that the "disgrace" was a necessary military movement, not only defensible, but worthy of all praise; but his opinion has been distorted by the account first received, and he goes on remarking and feeling "that there was something in that affair requiring explanation." If the matter is not very important, or if the detailed news is much behind the bulletin, the first impression becomes the permanent one, and history becomes dependent on the caprice, or ignorance, or unconscious bias of an unknown and irresponsible clerk. We say nothing of the deadly effect a false message, like that which last week purported to announce the result of an Austrian Cabinet Council, may have upon the Stock Exchange, for if the jobbers have neither spirit nor means to establish a Reuter of their own, they deserve to suffer, nor of the injury which may be done to an entire nation by a rumor which sends down *all* funds, for that is a mere consequence of publicity; but we protest on behalf of sound public opinion. That opinion must be based upon facts accurately related, and facts are never accurately related except by two or more witnesses. The most honorable man in the world on oath in the witness-box can still not give to others an accurate impression of the acts he himself saw, and what hope, then, that a telegraph agent, hurried, worried, and ill-informed, should, except by chance, convey it. Truth is obtained in politics or in law only by collating many and independent testimonies, and we plead for competition not to annul but to correct M. Reuter. He has done the public a service, a great service, a very great service, so great a service that to make him endurable we want a dozen M. Reuters. That number is not obtainable, but we might have two or three, say one maintained by the Stock Exchange, one by the associated press, and one by a body which wants accurate information more than them both,—the House of Commons. The expense need not be very considerable, if messages were confined to the capitals which at the moment were the centres of in-

terest, and were restricted peremptorily to ascertained facts, omitting entirely rubbish about "a report prevalent at Washington that a gentleman has seen a contraband who believed that Longstreet was about to be reinforced." The mere relation of blank facts guaranteed by signatures would be an invaluable check, sufficing, at all events, to keep ordinary men from forming an active opinion upon an imaginative bulletin. If such competition is beyond the means of great corporations, or the telegraph companies presume too much upon their strength, it will become the duty of the governments of Europe to see whether they cannot by mutual arrangement insure the publication, at all events, of known facts, guaranteed by consular signatures. Politicians cannot be left forever at the mercy of an individual, however spirited, or wide reaching, or successful, and if the press is too feeble to secure protection, the nations of Europe must. We shall be going to war some day on the strength of a bulletin prepared by a clerk who mistook a statement in the *New York Herald* or the Viennese *Botschafter* for a fact.

From The Press.

The Life of Lawrence Sterne. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., M.R.I.A. London: Chapman and Hall.

MR. FITZGERALD offers the public what has long been wanted,—a really good biography of the author of "Tristram Shandy." The non-existence of such a work has caused the volatile and vivacious humorist to be sorely abused since his death, as his own works show that he was during his life. He was the very man to be misunderstood by the "*profanum vulgus*." He was desultory, episodic, erotic. Easily moved to tears, he cordially preferred laughter. He regarded gravity as a mysterious carriage of the body, designed to hide the defects of the mind. "Can anybody be as wise as Lord Thurlow looks?" was once wittily asked. Sterne went through the world with a contemptuous suspicion of persons who looked wise. For himself, he chose to be gay; he chose to write Shandean books and to seek Shandean adventures; he chose always to be "in love with one princess or another." He was rather an exceptional Prebendary of York, no doubt: but it has been our fate to

listen to many worse sermons than Parson Yorick's, to few more evidently sincere.

Of all the posthumous misunderstanding to which Sterne has been subject the most strange seems that he was misunderstood by Thackeray. For to no one of the English humorists was Thackeray so directly indebted. He borrowed from Sterne his reflective egoism, his abrupt transitions from humor to pathos: even his style, which has been considered the best English of the day, is decidedly imitative of Sterne's. Perhaps it was the very consciousness of this which made Thackeray unjust to his predecessor. Unquestionably Thackeray often failed to understand the men on whom he lectured: his great blunder in reference to Swift's sad inscription—"Only a woman's hair"—sufficiently proves his shallowness. The essential difference between Sterne and Thackeray was one of temper: the former was passionate the latter sulky. Remember how angry Mr. Thackeray was with a certain gentleman who ventured to describe his personal appearance—how irritated by certain strictures in the *Superfine Review*. What says Sterne to the most spiteful of his critics? "Next month, if any of you should gnash his teeth, and storm and rage at me as you did last May (in which I remember the weather was very hot), don't be exasperated if I pass it by again with good temper—being determined as long as I live or write (which in my case means the same thing) never to give the honest gentleman a worse word or a worse wish than my Uncle Toby gave the fly which buzzed about his nose all dinner-time." This instance suffices to show the absolute difference between the two men. Both were irritable and sensitive; but Sterne, like Mr. Walter Shandy, had a sub-acid humor of his own, wherewith he laughed away his annoyances. Thackeray, on the other hand, rushed into fierce controversy or the perils of law if any man offended him. His judgment on Sterne, that "he was not a great humorist," is strangely unjust. Where was there ever so much humor within so limited a canvas as in "Tristram Shandy"? Mr. Shandy himself, full of strange fancies and caprices; mine Uncle Toby, the bravest and simplest of souls; Corporal Trim, whom the reader loves as well as his master; dear desultory sprightly Parson Yorick, in some respects a photograph of Sterne himself; besides obese Dr. Slop, and torpid, unimaginative

tive Mrs. Shandy, and the astute Widow Wadman. Not a great humorist! why these characters are as real as Shakspeare's own: never will Becky Sharp, or Captain Dobbin, or Arthur Pendennis rise to an equal rank in the world of fiction. In giving to his characters an easy immortality, Sterne is the most successful of all the English humorists. Even Sir Roger de Coverley is less real than Uncle Toby.

There is infinite poetry in Sterne. Take the picture of Janatone, the innkeeper's daughter of Montreuil, with the long taper white thread stocking pinned to the cunning gypsy's knee. "That nature should have told this creature a word about a *statue's thumb*?" Take that sunset idyl "in the road betwixt Nismes and Lunel, where there is the best Muscatto wine in all France," and where the gay prebendary dances with "a sunburnt daughter of labor." "Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and danced up insidious—Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I." Take, once more, his Horatian reflections on the cruel flight of time: "I will not argue the matter: time wastes too fast; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen: the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more. Everything presses on. Whilst thou art twisting that lock—see! it grows gray; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make—Heaven have mercy on us both!"

UTILIZATION OF BRINE.—A very important application of Professor Graham's processes of dialysis has been made by Mr. Whitelaw, of Glasgow, to the utilization of brine. After fresh meat has been sprinkled with salt for a few days, it will be found swimming in brine; in fact, flesh retains, like a sponge, more than three-fourths of its weight of water; but it has not the power to retain more than half that quantity of brine, so that under the action of salt it allows a portion of its water to flow out. The water thus expelled is saturated with soluble nutritive ingredients, and is, in fact, juice of flesh,—soup with all its valuable properties. In the large curing establishments very considerable quantities of this brine are produced and thrown away as useless; and this is the material to which Mr. Whitelaw has applied the process of dialysis—and, according to his statements, with success—to remove the salt from the brine, and procure pure fresh extract of meat. The brine is first filtered, to free it from particles of flesh and other solid impurities; and the juice as obtained

Mr. Fitzgerald's volumes will considerably enlighten those who have been led by Thackeray's vituperation to consider Sterne a heartless sentimentalist. He was eccentric to the utmost; his marriage was, as often happens with men of unusual characters, an unlucky one; but, so far as can be ascertained, his *amours* were all poetic and Platonic, and he was much kinder to his wife than that lady deserved. He has perfectly described her character in Mrs. Shandy. The popularity of "Tristram Shandy" was marvellous. It at once made Sterne the lion of the day. To get him to dinner was a matter of immense difficulty; to get one's self invited to dine with him was a subject for intrigue. He talked just as he wrote, and was the most delightful of companions. All the Bishops congratulated the prebendary on his literary success: but one prelate afterwards distinguished himself by objecting to "sermons wrote by the King of Denmark's jester!" Alas, poor Yorick! Racehorses, salads, games of cards were christened after Tristram Shandy. Squibs were written about the book, whereof one of the best exclaims—

"I wish you were both modester and fatter."

In fact, Sterne was as much in the mouths of men as Jenny Lind when she first took England by storm, or as Shakspeare in the Year of Grace 1864. And thoroughly did the gay prebendary enjoy his reputation, always living up to his own theory. "In the mean time, let us live as merrily but as innocently as we can. It has ever been as good, if not better, than a bishopric to me, and I desire no other."

from the dialysers may be made without further preparation into rich soups, or it may be concentrated by evaporation into solid extract of meat. More or less concentrated, even to dryness, the extract can be packed in tins or jars for sale, or the concentrated liquor can be mixed with flour, and made into meat-biscuits. Two gallons of brine yield one pound of extract, and the economic and practical value of redeeming so much waste sustenance may be briefly comprehended from the fact that, in one house in Glasgow alone, 60,000 gallons are yearly thrown away, and estimating the soup-producing power of seven pounds of meat, without bone, as equal to one gallon of the extract, the value of this waste is equal to 187 tons of meat, and taking the meat at sixpence per pound, to £10,472 in money. The waste in the American curing establishments must be still more enormous. During the last season, in eight of the Federal States, upwards of 4,000,000 pigs were cured, all the brine from which was turned to no practical account whatever.—*London Review*.

SONGS OF THE AUTUMN NIGHTS.

I.

O NIGHT, send up the harvest moon
To walk about the corn ;
To make of midnight magic noon,
And ripen on till morn.

In golden ranks, with golden crowns,
All in the yellow land,
Old solemn kings in rustling gowns,
The witchèd sheaves whitening stand.

Sky-mirror she, afloat in space,
Beholds our coming morn :
Her heavenly joy hath such a grace,
It ripens earthly corn ;

Like some lone saint with closed eyes,
Lost in the deeps of prayer ;
While gazing people still their sighs,
And silent ripen there.

II.

So, like the corn, moon-ripened last,
Would I, when tired and gray,
On golden memories ripen fast,
And ripening pass away.

In an old night so let me die ;
A slow wind out of doors ;
A waning moon low in the sky ;
A vapor on the moors ;

A fire just dying in the gloom ;
Earth haunted all with dreams ;
A sound of waters in the room,
A mirror's moony gleams ;

And near me, in the sinking night,
More thoughts than move in me,
Forgiving wrong, and loving right,
And waiting till I see.

III.

Across the stubble glooms the wind ;
High sails the lated crow ;
The west with pallid green is lined ;
Fog tracks the river's flow.

My heart is cold and sad. I moan,
Yet care not for my woe.
The summer fervors all are gone ;
The roses !—Let them go.

Old age is coming, frosty, hoar ;
The snows of time will fall ;
My jubulance, dreamlike, no more
Returns for any call.

O lapsing heart ! thy feeble strain
Sends up the blood so spare,

That my poor withered autumn brain
Sees autumn everywhere.

IV.

Lord of my life ! if I am blind,
Be thou my eyes to see ;
Live on within both heart and mind :
Be life and truth in me.

I made no brave, bright suns arise,
Veiled up no sweet gray eyes :
I hung no roses, lit no eyes,
Sent out no windy leaves.

I said not " I will cast a charm
These gracious forms around : "
My heart with self-born love grew warm ;
I took but what I found.

When cold winds range my winter-night,
Be thou my summer-door ;
Keep for me all my young delight,
Till I am old no more.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

—*Victoria Magazine.*

ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.

ONLY a baby's grave !
Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave !
To children even so small,
That they sit there and sing—so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all !

Only a baby's grave !
Strange ! how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a space—
Oh, more strange, could we forget !

Only a baby's grave !
Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead,
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave !
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such ?

Only a baby's grave !
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer heaven for it !

L. N.]

—*Good Words.*